The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 260. Vol. XLIV. MAY, 1913. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 11s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The June Bookman will be an Edmund Gosse Number, and will contain a special article on Edmund Gosse by Thomas Seccombe. Other important articles in this Number will include "Swinburne," by Professor Saintsbury; "A Lyric Love," by George Sampson; "From Both Sides," by Stanley Portal Hyatt; "The Mystic Way," by Darrell Figgis; "Dickens in America," by W. Roberts; "The Positive Evolution of Religion," by James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt.; and an article on the late Professor Dowden.

The portrait on our cover is from a photograph by Paul Laib of the portrait of Mr. Austin Dobson painted by Mr. Frank Brooks, of Ealing. Our presentation plate portrait of Mr. Dobson was taken specially for The Bookman by Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson) has written a first volume of her "Memoirs," and the book will be published shortly by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

Miss L. Lind-af-Hageby, whose speech in her anti-vivisection libel action recently won golden opinions from Mr. Justice Bucknill and the press and public in general, has written a critical life of August Strindberg, which Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing immediately. This is the first life of Strindberg to appear in the English language.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel, a love story of to-day, which is to commence its serial appearance in the May Number of *Harper's Magazine*.

The picture of Miss Viola Meynell in our April issue was from a portrait-study by Mr. Sherril Schell, the talented American artist, who has opened a studio for the season at 116, St. George's Square, and has lately made a very interesting series of studies of literary celebrities.

"Mr. Laxworthy's Adventures," a new book by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. As a writer of sensational stories, Mr. Oppenheim is among the most popular of living English novelists. He confesses that as a writer of fiction his chief aim is to make his stories real stories of adventure, and to keep the feminine interest entirely wholesome. His vogue in America is, if anything, greater than it is in England. He has recently gone to the South of France on a two months' holiday, and is staying again at the "Paradise Hotel" where the Laxworthy stories were written, and he says that if he feels like it he will forget he is on a holiday and write another series of them.

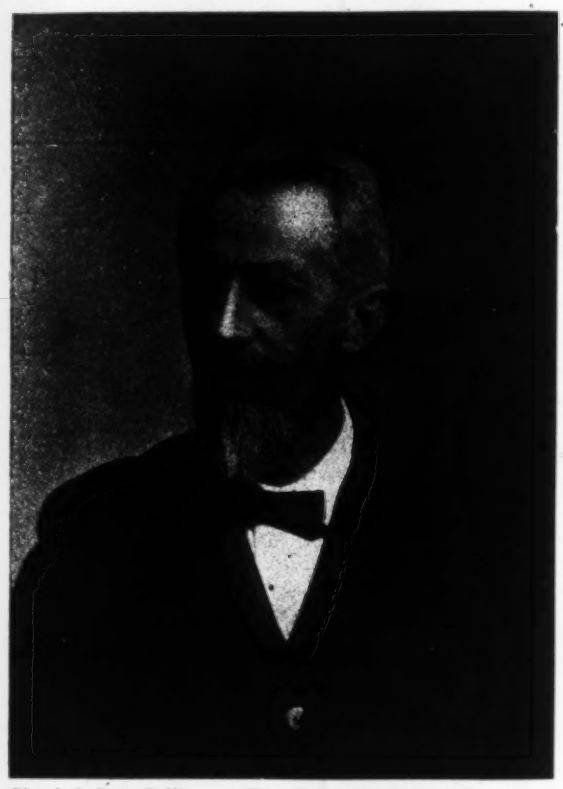


Photo by Lafayette, Dublin. **The Late Professor Dowden,**
on whom we are publishing a special article in next month's BOOKMAN.

Mr. Oppenheim began life by taking a hand in his father's leather business at Leicester, but he had already been writing stories, because it amused him to do so, since he was eighteen. The leather business was so successful that Blumenthals, the big American and Paris leather people, bought it over and made him their director at Leicester. His business experience has stood him in good stead; it not only helped him with material for his stories, but it was through the American head of Blumenthals that he had his chief incentive to the writing of the type of story that has made him a successful novelist. This gentleman introduced him to the proprietor of the Café de Rat Mort, the once famous Montmartre haunt, for Mr. Oppenheim was

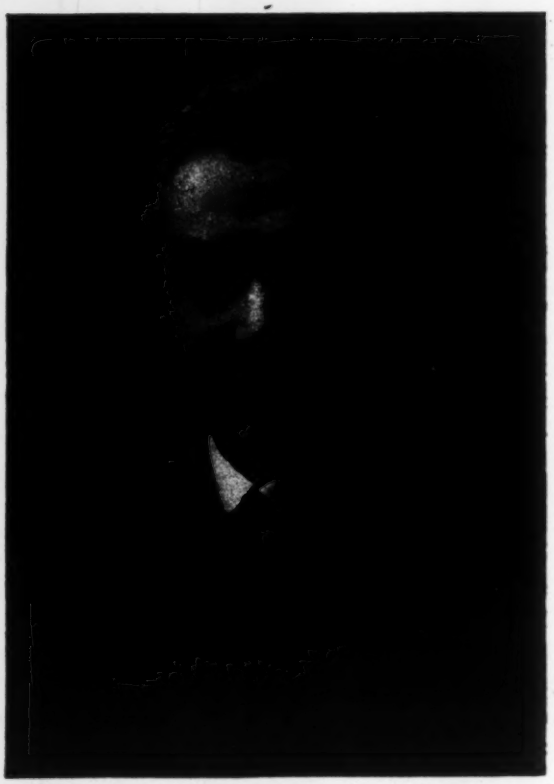


Photo by Adelphi Studios, Strand. **Mr. Arnold Golsworthy,**
whose new novel, "A Little World" (George Allen), is reviewed in this Number.

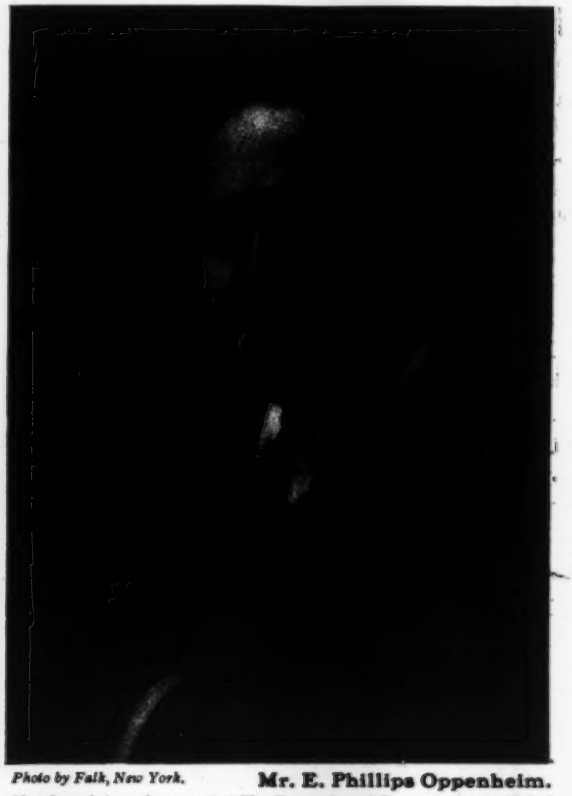


Photo by Falk, New York. **Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.**
Mr. Oppenheim, whose novel, "The Temptation of Tavernake," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, has completed a new book of stories, "Mr. Laxworthy's Adventures," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing this month.

Miss Angela Langer,
whose strange story of her own life, "Rue and Roses," Mr. W. Heinemann is publishing.

frequently in Paris on business, and here he acquired his taste for the mysteries of international complications, for the proprietor used to tell him thrilling yarns of political and international adventure. He protests that he does not construct his stories but lets them grow. "Two or three people in a crowded restaurant may arouse my interest and the atmosphere is compelling," he says. "I start weaving a story round them—the circumstances and the people gradually develop as I dictate to my secretary the thoughts they evoke. But first of all I must have a congenial atmosphere—the rest is easy."

Gasquoine Hartley
(Mrs. Walter Gallichan).

We have lately had a large number of books upon the position of women written by women, and in many cases their authors' idea of emancipation seems to be limited to a desire for political enfranchisement. Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan (Catherine Gasquoine Hartley) has written an important book, "The Truth About Women," that Mr. Eveleigh

Photo by Scott's Studios, Regent's Park, W. **Mr. W. Pett Ridge,**
whose new book of short stories, "Mixed Grill" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

Nash is publishing, in which she examines the position of women from the points of view of biology, psychology and the sexual relationship, and sets herself to prove that the freeing of woman involves very much more than the gaining of the vote. Mrs. Gallichan, under her maiden name of Gasquoine Hartley, is the author of many and various books. Her first novel, "Life the Modeller," was published in 1889, and was followed by "The Weaver's Shuttle," "Stories of Early British Heroes," "The Moorish Cities of Spain," "Stories from the Greek Legends," and "A Record of Spanish Painting," which is recognized as the standard work on this subject. Her books upon Spain and its art and historic buildings are numerous, and include a study

of "El Greco," "The Prado," and "Spain Revisited." Last year Messrs. Dent published her "Story of Santiago," in their Mediæval Towns series, and "The Cathedrals of Southern Spain" will be issued shortly by Mr. Werner Laurie. Mrs. Gallichan has written and lectured much upon English painters, and a large volume of hers on "The Pictures in the Tate Gallery" was published a year

Miss Rosamund Napier,
whose remarkable novel, "Tamsie" (Hodder & Stoughton) is now in its third edition.

or two ago by Messrs. Seeley. But her interest in social questions is perhaps even keener than her love of art and literature; she has always been a diligent student of the Woman's Movement, and her latest work, "The Truth About Women," is the result of many years of observation and enquiry.

Mr. Adam S. Melville, senior partner in the famous Australian bookselling firm of Messrs. Melville and Mullen, of Melbourne, is retiring from active association with the business. Mr. Melville was born in Edinburgh, in 1842, and after serving a four-years' apprenticeship to Messrs. Gall & Inglis, went out

Mr. Adam S. Melville,
of the well-known firm of booksellers, Messrs. Melville & Mullen of Melbourne.

to Melbourne in 1861, where he was promptly engaged as assistant by Mr. Samuel Mullins who had opened a book store in Collins Street in 1857. "For fifty-two years," writes Mr. Donald MacLean, the well-known Australian novelist, "Mr. Melville has lived and moved and had his being in the one shop, and from an unknown youth he has gradually risen to be the Grand Old Man of Australian booksellers, in many respects the most picturesque figure of them all." He has been too busy selling books to write many; but he has written an admirable one on China, and a pamphlet tracing the rise and progress of the book trade in Australia that is of peculiar interest and value. Mr. Melville has been the guide, philosopher and friend of many authors, and the warmth of their regard for him is summed up in Mr. MacLean's little note of regret at his retirement: "It is not the writer or the man of affairs we shall miss so much as the kindly, courteous gentleman."

Mr. Stanley Paul.

Mr. Stanley Paul, who started publishing four and a half years ago in Clifford's Inn, rapidly built up such a successful business that two years back he found it necessary to remove into larger premises in Essex Street, Strand. He has now, by way of further development, acquired the business of Messrs. Greening & Co. The firms will not be amalgamated, but the two will henceforth be conducted by Mr. Stanley Paul under their separate names. He is this year issuing no fewer than a hundred and six books for the firm that bears his own name, and intends to add a large number of serious volumes to Messrs. Greening's list; among the first of such additions will be a series of "Memoirs of Secret History" concerning the French Revolution, the "Recollections of an Officer in Napoleon's Army," and a volume on Madame de Pompadour in the Court Series of French Memoirs.

Photo by Adolphe Beal's.

Mr. H. S. Perris.

Miss Lindsay Russell, whose new novel, "Souls in Pawn," has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, has been described as the Australian Marie Corelli. She is very widely known in Australia as the author of "Straws in the Wind," "The Love Letters of a Priest," and "Smouldering Fires"—the first edition of the latter sold out in a few days, and it is now in its eighth edition. Miss Lindsay Russell had spent her life in the bush and the country districts of Victoria until a year or two ago, and was more given to riding, coursing and picnicing than to study in school. She wrote "Souls in Pawn" during a brief visit to England recently, and sold it promptly to Messrs. Ward, Lock, and drew the money for it before she returned home. She has another book, a collection of her poems, called "Road of Yesterday," which is in the hands of an English publisher and is to make its appearance this autumn. Other poets will be glad to hear that she was paid fifty pounds for this volume.

Photo by John Trevor.

Mr. John Masefield,

whose new poem, "Dauber," will be published this month by Mr. Heinemann.

Some interesting and sensational revelations are promised in the Countess Larisch's Memoirs, "My Past," that Mr. Eveleigh Nash is issuing this month. It will be remembered that in 1889 the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Baroness Mary Vetsera were found dead at the hunting box of Mayerling, near Allard, but it was never authoritatively stated how they met their end. The secret is to be unveiled now by the Countess Marie Larisch, a niece of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. After a silence of twenty years she has decided that the time has come to tell the whole sad and terrible story. In addition

Photo by courtesy of Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Countess Marie Larisch,

whose autobiography, "My Past," has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Photo by R. Stewart, Brighton.

Miss Lindsay Russell,

whose new novel, 'Souls in Pawn," is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock.

to anecdotes and recollections of many other royal and distinguished persons, the Countess gives some full and intimate reminiscences of her aunt, the Empress Elizabeth, and of her cousin, King Ludwig of Bavaria.

Miss Marjorie Crosbie asks us to mention that her book of poems, "Life's Changes," which we reviewed last month, is published in London by E. J. Larby, of Paternoster Avenue.

"Pax Britannica" is the title given to an important book by Mr. Harry S. Perris, which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have just published. Mr. Perris is the Secretary of the British-American Peace Centenary Committee, and has had much experience as a worker for international peace, having served for some years as secretary of the British National Peace Council. His new book embodies, therefore, the fruits of practical knowledge as well as of much historical research.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued a new edition of "Gitanjali" (Song Offerings) by Rabindranath Tagore, of which a limited edition was published last year by the India Society. This remarkable volume, which we reviewed shortly after its first appearance, consists of prose translations made by the author from his poems in the original Bengali, and has an introduction by W. B. Yeats.

The latest addition to the ranks of the London publishing houses is made by the firm of Max Goschen, Ltd., who have started business at 20, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., with the issue of Mr. Douglas Goldring's very successful volume "Streets." The new firm promise some interesting "discoveries," including a new writer, Mr. George Willoughby, whose collection of short stories, called "The Adventuress," they announce for immediate publication.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.; Messrs. Macmillan; Mr. J. P. Collins; Messrs. Methuen; Mr. Heinemann; Messrs. Alston Rivers; Messrs. Cassell; Mr. Eveleigh Nash; Messrs. Digby, Long; Messrs. Pitman; Mr. Stanley Paul; and Messrs. George Allen.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

AUSTIN PHILIPS.

MAUPASSANT used to say that the ubiquity of the English spinster was the most remarkable thing in Europe. But nowadays it is the British golfer that one encounters everywhere. I sometimes fancy the greater part of the Continent will at last be transformed into links for his benefit. His little alien caddies catch his enthusiasm, and spend their spare time in playing the game among themselves, and teaching it to their grandfathers. So at least a Frenchman tried to make me believe. Some years ago I was breaking, at Dieppe, a wearisome journey from Aragon—happily golf isn't played there yet—and in loafing about the French seaport I met the inevitable golfer, a youngish Englishman, tanned, clean-shaven, with a strong chin and the usual bag of clubs. But, extraordinarily, he didn't want to hold forth about the Dieppe links. He switched our chat on to literary "shop" and kept it fixed there. He was quite enthusiastic about Maupassant's short stories, and eager to get someone to disagree with him and give him an opening for discussion. So I mildly maintained that the tales of Rudyard Kipling were, on the whole, superior to those of the French master of short story-writing. They had more variety of theme, and showed a larger sense of life, and even in regard to the art of composition I was not prepared to allow that Maupassant was the greater artist. Maupassant's trick of getting atmosphere by describing a discussion between one or two men or a group of chatting women, and then leading up to a brilliantly told anecdote from one of the speakers, has always seemed to me a distressing way of starting a tale. Maupassant himself wore the trick clean out, and his innumerable imitators have long since reduced it to an inanity.

"But don't you see Maupassant's real source of strength?" exclaimed Austin Philips. "He is quite free from the modern vice of dissecting a character to death, and analysing it into a tangled something that you cannot grasp. He carves his characters out of the stuff of life, instead of dissecting them into nothingness, like Paul Bourget and Henry James. He doesn't continually stop to explain what his characters think. He makes them reveal their qualities in action, and develop themselves in deeds."

When a man talks like this, one can usually take it that he is either writing tales himself or studying to write them. Austin Philips was doing both these things, and some months afterwards I came across a tale of his in one of the magazines that struck me as being remarkably good. It was a short story about life in the Post Office, written with insight into human nature, and with an intimate knowledge of the inner working of the most successful branch of our bureaucracy which was curiously arresting. It now forms the opening tale in "Red Tape," that Messrs. Smith & Elder published a couple of years ago.

When Austin Philips wrote it he was the Postmaster of Droitwich, with an interesting career behind him. I fancy that one of his long nourished ambitions in life is to arouse public opinion in regard to the organisation of our Postal Service. He wishes to see it so re-ordered that a man of ability in the lowest ranks shall again have an opportunity of making his way by sheer merit to positions of power and importance. He himself was driven into the literary world by a failure, after a struggle of seventeen years, to break through the iron barrier that separates the pariah caste of Post Office officials from the lordly and not always capable Brahmin caste, strictly recruited from cram-mer's pups in the universities.

Photo by R. H. Phillips, St. Ives, Cornwall.

Mr. Austin Philips.

Born in 1875 at Lewisham, and educated at Malvern College, Mr. Philips was unable to proceed to a university owing to a lack of means, so in 1893 he entered the Post Office by the back door. He became a sorting clerk at Leicester, where he worked on a night job, from 7.30 in the evening till 4 o'clock in the morning. He hoped that when he had gained practical experience, he would at last get on to the Provincial Inspecting Staff, fine appointments of this sort being then still open to members of the rank and file who proved that they had remarkable capacity. His father had won from the bottom to the top in this way.

It seems to me that Austin Philips must have become a good man at postal work. For after climbing from one small post to another, and going out to Natal for six months, he was taken up by the authorities and trained into a minor sort of Sherlock Holmes. That is to say, he entered the Investigation Branch of the service that deals with all kinds of Post Office crimes. Night after night was spent by him in the secret watching galleries that honeycomb the walls of all the big modern Post Offices. He prepared test letters to catch the thief that he suspected, and came forth as the chief witness at trials in London and the Assize towns of England and Wales.

It was while travelling about the country after criminals, and while sitting in the waiting-rooms at Bow Street and the Central Criminal Court, that he began to entertain himself with literature. Just to occupy his mind while waiting to convict the wrong-doers he had tracked down, he taught himself to read French and German, Spanish and Italian. And then—verse springs eternal in the youthful breast—he took to writing sketches in rhyme. Great was the quantity of them, and a few appeared in the *Westminster*, *Pall Mall* and *Evening Standard*. Usually they were not signed; but Austin Philips often had the dubious pleasure of seeing his name appear in another part of the paper. "High-handed Conduct of a Post Office Official," "Star Chamber Methods at St. Martin's-le-Grand"—such were some of the headings under which the name of Austin Philips was first brought before the public, in connection with the trial of some thievish postman at Bow Street. For Sir Albert de Rutzen was inclined to condemn in open Court the method of questioning suspected wrong-doers which was followed by the Investigation Branch. And as Mr. Philips often had to conduct these private examinations, he came in for a good deal of criticism from the magistrate.

Austin Philips himself profoundly disliked the kind of work he was engaged in. He was well paid, but the wrong-doers excited his pity more often than his sense of justice. He broke down, after going with the police to the room of an auxiliary postman, who, though earning the magnificent wages of seven and sixpence a week, had stolen a letter. For a long time Mr. Philips beat his head against the stone wall that now prevents any official of the lower class from entering the higher branches of the service. "You've no lead in your boots, young man," said one of the Mandarins. "I don't want any lead in my boots," said Mr. Philips, "it isn't much use to a chap who's in a blind alley, and wants to climb the wall."

He saw it was a case of recoiling to leap better. He recoiled. At a loss of salary and prospects, he obtained the postmastership of Droitwich, with the help of Mr. Buxton Forman, and he gave his evenings to writing short stories. He sent them out, but, as usual, they were like homing pigeons. One morning—I remember him telling me at our first meeting—he had seven back by the first post. It was then he ceased writing for a while and studied Maupassant, Kipling and "Q." And after three years' practice, his work began to appear in the monthly magazines, and somewhat more than two years afterwards he leaped over the wall he had set himself to surmount, and landed well on his feet in the republic of letters.

In his two first volumes of stories, "Red Tape," and "A Budget of Tares," there are traces of the influence of the three men he sedulously studied. Yet even in his 'prentice work is revealed a fine native gift for story-telling, and the subject matter of many of the tales is fresh and provocative of ideas. Mr. Philips has discovered a world of new interests in the lives of the

bureaucracy that is getting a large part of the actual work of Government into their hands. The continual conflict between the democratic element in our Civil Service and the aristocratic corps that comes from the universities, affords him a wonderfully varied amount of dramatic situations, which he handles now in a vivid and memorable manner.

I fancy that in his younger days Mr. Philips was inclined to the Fabian school of Socialism, partly by reason of his discontent with the growth of Mandarinism in the public services of our great democracy, and largely out of general sympathy with all the under-men in our gloomy industrial civilisation. But his personal experiences of the qualities of some of the leading men in the modern movement of intellectual socialism, has transformed him into one of the most vehement and out-spoken opponents of Fabianism in life and art and politics. He expressed his views on the matter with a great deal of personal feeling in "The Common Touch," his first long novel, published this year. One reviewer says of the work: "there is not a fine thought in it;" another critic acclaims it as "one of the outstanding achievements of the current year." So it strikes me that Austin Philips has infuriated the persons he attacked and pleased those of his own way of thinking. He is now engaged upon another novel, dealing with the drama of the Investigation Branch of the Postal Service, in which, with the same passion born of personal experience, he depicts the struggle between the lower and higher divisions in our bureaucracy. In the meantime a new collection of his short stories, entitled "Not in the Newspapers," has been prepared for publication. It contains, I think, the best work that he has yet done. His laboriously cultivated talent is ripening into genius, and he is happily young enough to enjoy his popularity. For besides being an artist, he is a reformer with something of importance to say, and the larger his audience becomes, the more fully he develops the fine original side of his nature.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1st to June 1st, 1913.

Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd.

BUCKLEY, REGINALD R., and HUTCHINSON, ARTHUR.—Handbook to the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival 1913. With 4 Illustrations. 1s. net.
MURRAY, PROFESSOR GILBERT.—"Rhesus" of Euripides. 1s. net, paper 2s. net, cloth.
PETAVEL, J. W.—The Other Great Illusion. 6d. net.
SMITH, F. MONTAGU.—Railway Rate Book. Containing every Station and Siding in the British Isles. £5 5s. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

FELLOWSHIP BOOKS.

BAX, CLIFFORD.—Friendship. 2s. net.
CANNAN, GILBERT.—The Joy of the Theatre. 2s. net.
GUTHRIE, JAMES.—Divine Discontent. 2s. net.
RHYS, GRACE.—The Quest of the Ideal. 2s. net.
TAIT, C. J.—Springtime. 2s. net.
THOMAS, EDWARD.—The Country. 2s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ADAMS, MRS. HUGH, and BROWNE, MISS E. A. (Editors).—The Social Guide for 1913. 2s. 6d. net.
EUCKEN, RUDOLPH.—The Meaning and Value of Life. Fourth Impression. 3s. 6d. net.
HOME, GORDON.—What to See in England. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
SIMPSON, A. NICOL.—Reptiles and Amphibians. "Peeps at Nature." 1s. 6d. net.
STEWART, A. M.—British Moths. "Peeps at Nature." 1s. 6d. net.

Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

CAREY, WYMOND.—No. 101. 1s. net.
HAY, IAN.—A Safety Match. 1s. net.
NOYES, ALFRED.—Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. 6s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

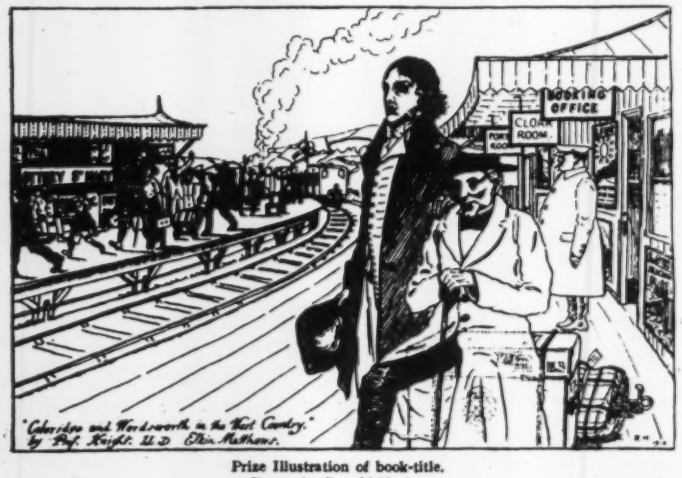
BASTIN, S. L.—Flowerless Plants. 6s. net.
FEUVRE, AMY LE.—Some Builders. 6s.
GARVICE, CHARLES.—A Girl from the South. 6d.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Money Spider. 1s. net.
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—Mr. Laxworthy's Adventures. 3s. 6d. net.
PAIN, BARRY.—Eliza's Son. 1s. net.
Royal Academy Pictures. 5s. net and 3s. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

GIRVIN, BRENDA, and COUSINS, MONICA.—The Dancing Child. 6s.
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Tragedy of Isabella II. 15s. net.
JAMES, WINIFRED.—The Mulberry Tree. 7s. 6d. net.
KROPOTKIN, PRINCE.—The Conquest of Bread. 1s. net.
PATON, RAYMOND.—The Drummer of the Dawn. 6s.
THOMAS, GILBERT.—The Wayside Altar. 2s. 6d. net.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Open Window. 6s.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

ALLCROFT, A. H., M.A., and HAYES, B. J., M.A.—Horace, Odes II. and IV 2s. 6d.
BARLOW, C. W. C., M.A., B.Sc.—Mathematical Physics. Vol. I.—Magnetism and Electricity.
BAUSOR, H. W., M.A.—Preliminary Chemistry (A Simple Course for Beginners). 1s. 6d.
BAUSOR, H. W., M.A.—Senior Volumetric Analysis. 1s. 6d.
COLLINS, A. J. F., M.A.—Shakespeare: Henry IV. 2s.
FRY, G. C., M.Sc.—Senior Geography of North America. 1s.
FRY, G. C., M.Sc.—Senior Geography of Asia. 1s.
SHOOSMITH, H., M.A.—Spelling and Dictation.
WALKER, T., M.A., and RICHARDS, J. F., M.A.—St. Luke's Gospel. 1s. 6d.



Prize Illustration of book-title.
Drawn by Ronald Harley.
(See Prize Competition pages).

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

BEDDOE, DAVID M.—The Lost Mameluke. 6s.
HOLMES, THOMAS.—London's Underworld. 2s. 6d. net.
NOYES, ELLA.—Salisbury Plain. 10s. 6d. net.
RHYS, ERNEST.—English Lyric Poetry. 5s. net.
SAINTSBURY, PROFESSOR.—The English Novel. 5s. net.
WESTELL and TURNER.—The Seashore I Know. 8d. net.

Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

BLYTH, JAMES.—The King's Guerdon. 6d.
DELANNOY, BURFORD.—A Studio Model. 6d.
DORNING, CLARE.—Annals of a Lancashire Village. 3s. 6d.
MEADE, L. T.—Bess of Delany's. 6d.
TITSON, MARIE.—The Three Sisters. 3s. 6d.
TRAVERS, HETTIE.—A Stormy Passage: A Historical Romance. 6s.
WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Heart of Stone. 6d.

Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Ouseley, Ltd.

ANON.—I Will. 6d. net.
"CABOT."—Musings of a City Clerk. 3s. 6d. net.
CRAIG, DR. ROBERT.—History of Oratory. 10s. 6d. net.
DUTTON, ANNIE V.—Feigning or Folly. 6s.
FRANKISH, H., M.B., B.Sc.—Dr. Cunliffe: Investigator. 6s.
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By Francis Bickley.

"MANY days have come and gone" since Mr. Austin Dobson first wooed the English ear with his delicate music. His earliest poem was published in 1864; his earliest volume, "Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société," in 1873. The English ear was deaf at first—the American proving more acute—but it was not long before the poet was recognised as peerless in his kind, the critic as an unique connoisseur of the eighteenth century. The ample, unhurried production of forty years, during the most of which the State as well as art was faithfully served, has secured Mr. Dobson an unassailable niche in the house of English letters. Edinburgh University has given him an honorary degree; the Athenæum has extended to him its stately hospitality under Rule 2; he is a vice-president of the Royal Society of Literature, and one of the small company of honorary members of the Authors' Club of New York. Yet now that his "Collected Poems"* have reached a ninth edition it is made plain that he is still "singing clearly as of old," and that his "numbers are of gold" as unalloyed as ever. In the new poems added to this collection all his well-known qualities are displayed, riper, perhaps, but unwithered. Mr. Dobson has already headed a poem "Threescore and Ten" with autobiographical significance, but when he hints that his singing days are in flight the song itself belies him. The motto which he chose for his edition of Prior—*perennis et fragrans*—might with greater justice as regards the second epithet and with at least as great, one may prophesy, as regards the first, be inscribed on his own title page. He was not a precocious singer, being, it appears, nearly twenty-five before he saw his handwriting first transfigured in print, and some years older when he became a regular contributor to *Temple Bar*. It is fitting that a muse whose youth had the maturity of age should in age preserve the freshness of her youth.

In applying to Mr. Dobson phrases borrowed from his own tribute to Herrick no comparison is intended. Indeed, after it had been superfluously pointed out that both poets handled their materials with an unsurpassable lightness of touch, such a comparison would be hard to sustain. Herrick, complain as he might of his exile in dull Devon, was the very spirit of pastoral become vocal, a pagan in every sense. Mr. Dobson, though singing in holiday mood

> "Good-bye to the town!—good-bye!
> Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!"

is essentially the poet of the urbane; admitting closest kinship with Horace and Prior and Locker-Lampson. Nature, as viewed by Mr. Dobson, always suggests the eighteenth-century conception. Nor is this surprising; for it is from the eighteenth century that his art obtains its chief nourishment.

With what subtlety Mr. Dobson has captured the spirit of the age of his predilection is well illustrated by the following story, which comes from an unquestionable source, the poet himself. It was not always his ambition to become a man of letters. Painting was his earliest mistress, and as a young man he studied at South Kensington. This brought him into daily contact with a copy of the bust of Julia, daughter of Titus, whose youthful head and developed breasts reminded him of the century which already interested him, so girlishly gay and yet so expert in life. Years later Mr. Arthur Symons, in an essay on Mr. Dobson's poetry, wrote: "In the Capitoline Museum at Rome, in a room filled with busts of the emperors, there is one bust, that of Julia, the daughter of Titus, which has for me precisely the charm and pathos of those fragile things to which this kind of art gives something of the consecration of time. The little fashionable head, so small, eager, curled so elaborately for its life of one fashionable day, and seeming to be so little at home in the unexpected, perpetuating coldness of marble: what has such as this to do with the dignity of death?" The coincidence is curious and significant; but Mr. Dobson's relation with the age of Pope and Johnson calls for definition. It is not enough to say that he has caught its spirit, nor can it be affirmed that he has fled to an idealised eighteenth century as an escape from the reality of to-day. He finds the graces of that age congenial, but remains in normal relationship with contemporary life

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Austin Dobson.
(1910).

* Kegan Paul & Co.

Nor has he even idealised his theme; he has sifted it. His attitude is frank and sympathetic, but not too serious and never more than playfully regretful. It may be imagined that if one were to come to the English literature of the eighteenth century with no idea of it but that to be gathered from Mr. Dobson's poetry one might well be bitterly disappointed; finding satisfaction, perhaps, only in "The Rape of the Lock" and a few short pieces of Prior's. For while in his prose criticisms he has shown his judgment in operation, in his verse, for the most part, he offers only its conclusions. A true artist, he ignores what he cannot use. The eighteenth century is his material, not his inspiration.

Indeed, Mr. Dobson's choice, though too happy to be accidental, was not inevitable.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Garden of Mr. Austin Dobson's House at Ealing.**

Photo by Chas. Watkins. **Mr. Austin Dobson.** An early portrait.

There are poems which show that his achievement might have been as admirable in other fields. Beginning to write in the 'sixties, he very naturally came under Pre-Raphaelite influences; and those pieces which suggest Rossetti and Morris are no less authentic Dobson than those which recall Prior and Gay. "The Dying of Tanneguy du Bois" is often justly cited as among his best work; nor are "Palomydes" and the two poems of "Angiola" to be ranked much lower. "Palomydes," for the sake of emphasising its right to a place of honour in the nineteenth century Arthurian concert, shall be given here:

"' Him best in all the dim Arthuriad,
Of lovers of fair women, him I prize—
The Pagan Palomydes. Never glad
Was he with sweetness of his lady's eyes,
Nor joy he had.

" But, unloved ever, still must love the same,
And riding ever through a lonely world,
Whene'er on adverse shield or crest he came,
Against the danger desperately hurled,
Crying her name.

" So I, who strove to You I may not earn,
Methinks, am come unto so high a place,
That though from hence I can but vainly yearn
For that averted favour of your face,
I shall not turn.

" No, I am come too high. Whate'er betide,
To find the doubtful thing that fights with me,
Towards the mountain tops I still shall ride,
And cry your name in my extremity,
As Palomyde,

" Until the issue come. Will it disclose
No gift of grace, no pity made complete,
After much labour done,—much war with woes?
Will you deny me still in Heaven, my sweet;—
Ah, Death—who knows?"

A similar grave music is heard in the poems founded on Greek story—"The Death of Procris" and "The Prayer of the Swine to Circe"—and it is to be regretted that Mr. Dobson has done so little in this manner. But he has decided that the higher slopes of Parnassus are not for his feet. "*Majores majora sonent*" is the motto of his election. Much of the poetry of Rossetti and Morris and Swinburne dealt with life at one remove—that is to say, it was founded on literature, but on literature the source whereof was life. Mr. Dobson has gone a step further, taking his material from literature itself secondary. It may be admitted that the few pieces—such as "The Child Musician" and "My Landlady"—wherein he has attempted to deal directly with

75, Eaton Rise, Mr. Austin Dobson's House at Ealing.

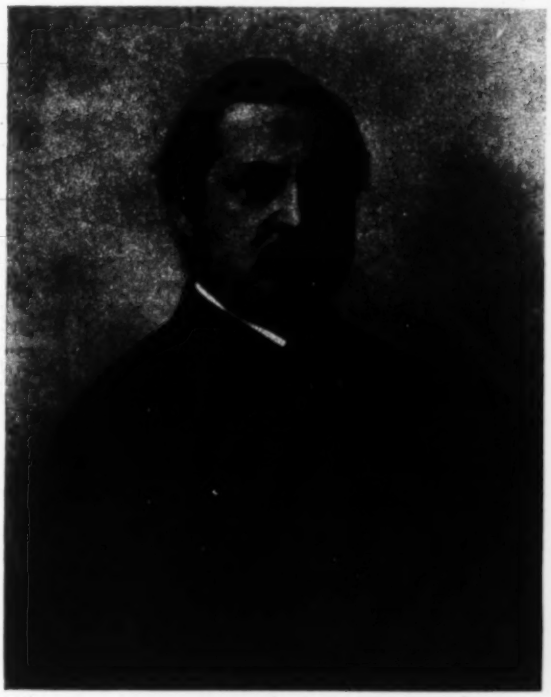


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Austin Dobson (1889).**

modern life, are his least successful; but that he had no small mastery of poetry of the next degree has been amply demonstrated.

There is, moreover, an element of paradox in his close connection with the eighteenth century. For on one conspicuous point he is absolutely opposed to the practice of that age. No one scans his brother man more gently than Mr. Dobson, but on the question of what is fit for the printed page he is a precisian. Unlike Herrick, once more, he has no "unbaptised rhymes" for which advancing years might prompt repentance. He dedicates his poems to the "English Girl, divine, demure," and any of his prose volumes would be as irreproachable a gift. Yet his constant theme is the manners and letters of the age of Prior and Swift, Fielding and Sterne, and he has neither idealised nor belied that age. The explanation is, of course, that, as already stated, he exercises the artist's right of rigid selection. Everything uncongenial is cast aside, including the major and minor improprieties. Even as an editor he has used this discretion, and his selection from Prior is a triumph of tact. For, while his theme is the eighteenth century, and its atmosphere is faithfully if discreetly rendered, the informing spirit is that of his own time. None of his contemporaries was more thorough a Victorian. "We are in the eighteenth century," it has been well written of his work, "but see it through the glasses of to-day; and the soft intercepting sense of change which hangs like a haze between ourselves and the subject is altogether due to the poet's sympathy and sensibility." He has all

Photo by Bassano. **Mr. Austin Dobson (1895).**

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Austin Dobson in his Study (1910).**

Frontispiece by E. A. Abbey from "At the Sign of the Lyre" (Kegan Paul).

the ideals of his time, the moral earnestness and sense of social responsibility. The bitter "*Vive la bagatelle!*" of the disillusioned Swift is no part of his philosophy; and though he immediately afterwards, characteristically fearful of too great a display of zeal, sinks back to the easy creed of "Laissez Faire," there is a sting in "A Virtuoso" which would do credit to an ardent reformer. And to his marquise he is distressingly frank:

"No: we neither like nor love you,
'Belle Marquise!'
Lesser lights we place above you,—
Milder merits better please.
We have passed from *Philosophe*-dom
Into plainer modern days,—

"The Blackbird whistled to the Thrush
'Which way did bright-eyed Bella go?'"
—*Love in Winter.*

From a drawing by George H. Boughton.

"A Gentleman of the Old School."

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

From "The Ballad of Beau Brocade and other Poems" (Kegan Paul).

"A Garden Idyll."

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

From "The Story of Rosina and other Poems" (Kegan Paul).

Grown contented in our oafdom,
Giving grace not all the praise ;
And, *en partant, Arsinoé*,—
Without malice whatsoever,—
We shall counsel to our Chloë
To be rather good than clever ;
For we find it hard to smother
Just one little thought, Marquise !
Wittier perhaps than any other,—
You were neither Wife nor Mother,
' Belle Marquise ! ' "

There is more of Tennyson than of Pope in these sentiments.

But when its cynicism and brutality have been set aside the eighteenth century is far from being beggared, and the qualities remaining are just those with which Mr. Dobson is in sympathy. He has discovered brocade to be the wear best suited to a muse whose natural beauties are of the kind which are enhanced by adornment. Wit, grace, polish, the golden mean, what one may call the Horatian qualities, are to be found in the eighteenth century and there alone in the English record. In France they occur more constantly, and Mr. Dobson, who has French blood in his veins, is akin with the French poets from Charles d'Orléans to Theodore de Banville. He has their love of form, and has both translated and accepted Gautier's advice :

" O Poet, then, forbear
The loosely sandalled verse,
Choose rather thou to wear
The buskin—strait and terse."

As is well known, Mr. Dobson was largely responsible for that fashion of thirty years ago, the results whereof are enshrined in the little anthology—already a classic—entitled " Ballades and Rondeaus." He was the author of the first pure ballade written in English ; he laid down the rules of the game, and its defence, in a " Note on some Foreign Forms of Verse," contributed to Mr. W. Davenport Adams's " Latter Day Lyrics " ; and he was its most successful practitioner. Lang and Mr. Gosse contrived many charming rondeaus and ballades, villanelles and triolets ; Swinburne wrote the magnificent " Ballade of François Villon," and a bookful of roundels, some of them of high merit ; Henley, who often required *vers libre* for the expression of his turbulent thought, filled more than one porcelain vessel with molten gold ; but on the whole it was Mr. Austin Dobson who proved most at ease in the Gallic bonds. With the majority these experiments were by the way. Of Mr. Dobson's work they form an important part. To indicate preferences where perfection is so often attained or approximated is difficult, but " The Pompadour's Fan " is perhaps the most delightful example of the poet's most artificial manner. The various translations and adaptations from Horace, whether in French or other measures, are also notable. A literary *desideratum* is an edition of the odes with an introduction by Mr. Dobson, and these versions gathered into an appendix.

The Sun Dial.

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.
From " The Story of Rosina, and other Verses " (Kegan Paul).

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.
From " The Story of Rosina and other Verses " (Kegan Paul).

The Curé's Progress.

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.
From " The Story of Rosina and other Verses " (Kegan Paul).

Mr. Dobson's metrical experiments have not been confined to imitations of Voiture and Banville. He has the science and ingenuity of a Troubadour. "The Masque of the Caliph," for instance, where all the rhymes are double, is a remarkable *tour de force*; and he has been equally happy with linked and internal rhyme. "In Memoriam" and "An Horatian Ode to the King's Most Excellent Majesty," illustrating the first of these characteristics, and "Threescore and Ten" displaying the second, are a reminder, were any needed, that there is no discord between technical ingenuity and spiritual seriousness.

Though lacking the fragrance and distinction of his verse, Mr. Dobson's prose is easy and pleasant to read; and his essays have many of the characteristics of his poems. Loving letters for their own sake, Mr. Dobson has never been concerned with theories of criticism, and the papers which form the volumes beginning with the first series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" and ending, so far, with "At Prior Park," though full of admirable judgments, are rather constructive than analytical. An erstwhile art student, Mr. Dobson is an exquisite draughtsman with words; and "Vignettes," as a generic description of his shorter studies, is a happy choice. He combines, moreover, a scientific accuracy and care for detail with the artist's power of informing his subject with life. Here, possibly, the influence of his French ancestry may be traced, for this combination is very characteristic of French criticism. Mr. Dobson is, indeed, almost as conversant with the life and letters of France as with those of his own country, and he has written nothing better in prose than the dainty and sympathetic studies —published together as "Four Frenchwomen"—of Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Madame de Genlis. His knowledge of the eighteenth century is remarkable. That he has other loves we know:

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace
And the little old cropped Molière,

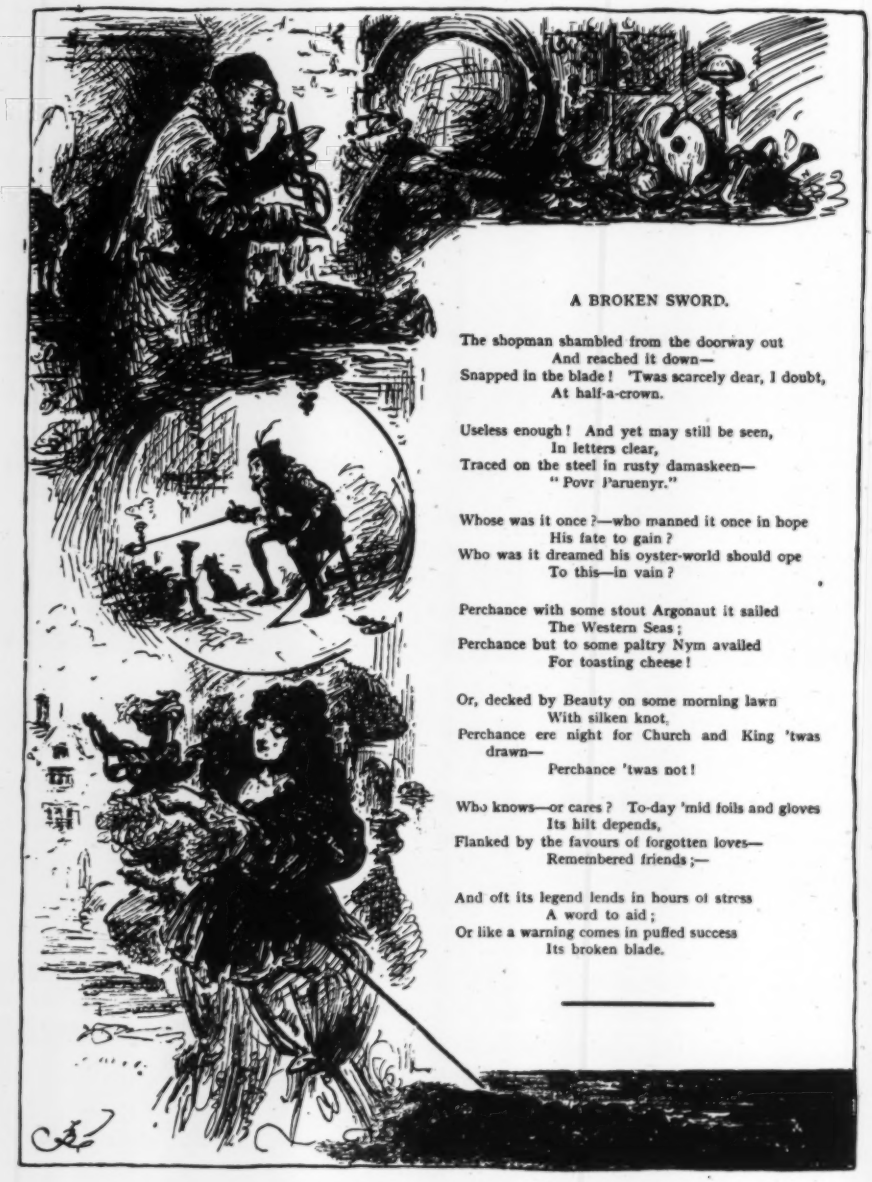
And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd . . .

There is also plenty of evidence that he is well read in more modern literature, and has a place in his heart not only for Thackeray and Locker-Lampson, but for Tennyson and FitzGerald. But the first impression left by many of his books is that he has lived exclusively in the days of the Georges. He takes the *Gentleman's Magazine* as much for granted as other men take *The Times*, and the wits and letter-writers are his own cronies and correspondents. He has, however, the subtle art of being allusive without being obscure, and instead of bewildering us, he gives us a flattering illusion of equal erudition. He assumes in his reader

"A common taste for old costume—
Old pictures—books . . ."

and hands his snuff-box with no hint of condescension.

Mr. Dobson has written of Carmontelle and Kate Greenaway as sympathetically as of Steele or Goldsmith,



A BROKEN SWORD.

The shopman shambled from the doorway out
And reached it down—
Snapped in the blade! 'Twas scarcely dear, I doubt,
At half-a-crown.

Useless enough! And yet may still be seen,
In letters clear,
Traced on the steel in rusty damaskeen—
"Povr Paruenyr."

Whose was it once?—who manned it once in hope
His fate to gain?
Who was it dreamed his oyster-world should ope
To this—in vain?

Perchance with some stout Argonaut it sailed
The Western Seas;
Perchance but to some paltry Nym availed
For toasting cheese!

Or, decked by Beauty on some morning lawn
With silken knot,
Perchance ere night for Church and King 'twas drawn—
Perchance 'twas not!

Who knows—or cares? To-day 'mid foils and gloves
Its hilt depends,
Flanked by the favours of forgotten loves—
Remembered friends;—

And oft its legend lends in hours of stress
A word to aid;
Or like a warning comes in puffed success
Its broken blade.

Written by Austin Dobson. Designed by Fred Barnard.
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but his attitude towards art has an unmistakably literary flavour. His interest is in portraiture and genre, rather than in landscape or "expressionism." He is unashamedly concerned with the subject of a picture, which he has the not very common gift of being able to describe in a telling manner. His first full-length biography was a life of Hogarth, which has been several times reprinted and elaborated. He is also the author of a book on Thomas Bewick and his pupils, a note on Holbein's "Dance of Death," which inspired him besides to a stately chant royal; and an introduction to an edition of Reynolds's "Discourses."

Mr. Austin Dobson.

From a portrait painted by Miss Sylvia Gosse (May, 1909). Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

As a biographer Mr. Dobson is conspicuous for sympathy and impartiality. His study of Horace Walpole, for instance, is a model of how to treat an unheroic theme. Without seeking to canonise the worldly Horace, he has vindicated him against the rhetorical malevolence of Macaulay, and has set the story of the Chatterton affair in proper perspective. Since the publication of his life of Fielding in the English Men of Letters Series, just thirty years ago, he has been an unwearying champion of the great novelist's reputation. Only the other day there appeared in the *National Review* a "New Dialogue of the Dead," in which the author of "Tom Jones" meets his first biographer, Arthur Murphy, in Shadow-Land, and reduces him to a salutary, if tardy, speechlessness. "Mr. Austin Dobson," said James Russell Lowell in his address at the unveiling of the bust of Fielding at Shire Hall, Taunton, in 1883, "has done, perhaps, as true a service as one man of letters ever did to another by reducing what little is known of the life of Fielding from chaos to coherence by ridding it of fable, by correcting and co-ordinating dates, by cross-examining tradition till it stammeringly confessed that it had no visible means of subsistence, and has thus enabled us to get some authentic glimpse of the man as he really was. He has rescued the body of Fielding from beneath the swinish hoofs which were trampling it as once they trampled the Knight of La Mancha, whom Fielding so heartily admired."

This is generous but not excessive praise; and by a pleasant chance the verses which its recipient had written for the occasion on which it was to be uttered, are among his happiest efforts whether as a poet or as the friend of Fielding.

Mr. Dobson has not entered into competition with his great contemporaries. As critic he has never aspired to the prophetic mantle of Ruskin or Arnold; nor as poet to the laurels of Browning or Swinburne. Rightly or wrongly, he has shunned the higher seriousness. But within the limits set by his modesty he is a singer not only of infinite grace and courtesy, but of real feeling and a fundamental earnestness. Peerless as a writer of *vers de société*, he could not, if he would, be that only. And if—to indulge once more the convenient habit of finding the apt quotation in the matter in hand—we may say of him and his poetry that

> "It will last till men weary of pleasure
> In measure!
> It will last till men weary of laughter
> And after!"

we may as truly add (though *absit omen!*) that

> "He held his pen in trust
> To Art,"

and has ever been the faithful servant of an exacting ideal.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad in not more than forty-eight lines. *Will Colonial and Foreign competitors please note that we shall offer the prize next month for the best original sonnet instead of for a ballad.*

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original epigram on any current literary topic or recent literary development.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

1
Come hither, ye Gallants, come hither, ye Maids,
To the trim-gravelled Walks, to the shady Arcades!
Come hither, come hither—the Nightingales call,—
Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!
2
Come hither, ye Cits, from your Lothbury hives!
Come hither, ye Husbands, and look to your Wives!
For the Sparks are as thick as the Leaves in the Mall:
Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!
3
Here the 'prentice from Aldgate may ogle a Toast!
Here his Lordship must elbow the Knight of the Post!
For the Wicket is free to the Great and the Small;—
Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!
4
Here Betty may flaunt in her Mistress's Sack!
Here Trip wear his Master's Brocade on his Back!
Here a Hussy may ride, and a Rogue take the Wall;—
Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!
5
Here Beauty may grant, and here Valour may ask!
Here the plainest may pass for a Belle (in a Mask)!
Here a Domino covers the Short and the Tall;—
Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!
6
'Tis a Type of the World, with its Drums and its Din;
'Tis a Type of the World, for when once you come in
You are loth to go out;—like the World 'tis a Ball,
Sing Tantararara, Vauxhall! Vauxhall!
Vauxhall.

Poem by Austin Dobson. Design by Randolph Caldecott, R.I.
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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 2nd June next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st July if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN *for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original Ballad is again divided, and we are sending HALF A GUINEA to D. K. Boileau, of St. Croix, Bath, and HALF A GUINEA to E. A. Potter, of Sutton Road, Erdington, Birmingham, for the following:

FINULA.

Finula was my princess
That dwelt by the Northern sea.
Finula's raven tresses
Hung down below her knee.
And it's, oh for my dark-haired lady,
The fairest among them all—
For she sings no more at her window,
Nor dances adown the hall.

Finula was my princess.
Proudly she wore her crown;
And the tread of her passing footstep
Was lighter than thistledown.
And it's, oh for my lovely lady—
For her little feet lie still;
And she cometh no more to meet me
When I ride up the Castle hill.

Finula was my princess.
She sang like the birds in May;
And the sound of her blithesome laughter,
Made music all the day.
And it's, oh for my tender lady—
For the blue of her eyes is dim;
And her hands are like carven lilies
That lie at the river's brim.

Finula was my princess.
I loved her in years gone by,
And I wooed her in early spring-time,
In winter did she die.
And it's, oh for my winsome lady—
In her grave by the Northern sea—
For she sleeps where the winds are calling,
And the sea-wave tosses free.

D. K. BOILEAU.

THE PEACE OF CHRISTMAS.

There came a grim sea-rover,
While Christmas wassail rang
In the Saxon's hall, where serf and thrall
Of Christ the Saviour sang.

"A boon," he cried, the Norseman,
Whose hands with blood were red,
"That in His Name Whom ye acclaim
I may be sheltered."

Up rose the Saxon franklin,
In bitter scorn he cried:
"Aye! when our Lord in sweet accord
Bids Judas to His Side!

"Our blood is on your long-sword,
Our lives are on your hand;
For vengeance dread cry out our dead
Throughout the English land!

"For tale of blazing roof-tree,
For rape, and wrong, and raid;
By gallows tree I'll pledge to thee
The welcome thou hast made!"

Then scoffed the hardy rover:
"By Odin, brave, and Thor!
How dare ye raise glad hymns of praise
Save to red gods of war?

"I hear your Christ cry: 'Pardon!'
I hear your lips breathe: 'Slay.'
The peace He gave, the grace I crave,
Your passion sweeps away!"

The priest set down his wine cup;
"Blasphemer!" fierce he cried;
And swords outsprang and loudly rang
The spears on either side.

But, "Peace!" brake in the Franklin;
"There's truth in every word!
Faint through the sound of earth around
The holiest Voice is heard:

"'Do good to them that hate you'—
Drink from my cup, O Dane!
Eat of my bread, rest on my bed,
And pass in peace again.

"But judge not of His Mercy
By the poor grace I bring
To meet the claim of the High Name
Of Christ, the Heavenly King.'"

That night the Franklin's vision
Beheld, a wonder sweet,
In glory shine the Christ Divine,
With Judas at His Feet.

E. A. POTTER.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play
Of the kind that is built by Miss GREENAWAY;
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And "play with the pups," and "reprove the calves,"
And do nought in the world (but Work) by halves,
From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
To watching the cat in the apple-tree.

O Art of the Household! Men may prate
Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,—
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
To the *au delà* and the dim remote,—
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;
To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

Poem by Austin Dobson. Drawing by Kate Greenaway.
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Mr. Austin Dobson (1895).

From a portrait drawn by William Strang as frontispiece to Mr. Austin Dobson's "Poems on Several Occasions" (2 vols).

A BALLAD OF THE CLOISTER.

They robe her all in bridal white—
(Her eyes are like the summer seas,)
Her golden hair, with pearls bedight,
Ripples like fire to her knees,
As forth she steps, with stately tread,
Attended by her maidens seven—
A Bride of Christ, about to wed—
A fair and virgin Spouse of Heaven.

They lead her to the Altar-rail—
(Her eyes are calm as moonlit skies,)
About her filmy bridal veil
The clouds of incense cling and rise;
Her thoughts are with her Lord above,
Till suddenly, there meets her glance
A face she might have learned to love—
And lips she might have kissed, perchance!

They bear her up the winding stair—
(Her eyes are passionate as flame,)
They cut off all her golden hair,
Her former glory—now her shame;
They robe her in funereal black,
To hide her grace from loving eyes—
And then in silence lead her back,
A form that none may recognise.

They take her to the convent cell—
(Her eyes seem carved out of stone,)
They bid her pray till Vesper bell,
And then they leave her all alone;
Her fingers stray among her beads—
She falls upon her bended knees—
But all the while her spirit bleeds,
And all the while—one face she sees!

Her tears are frozen ere they fall—
(Her eyes are like incarnate woe,)
"Ah Christ!" she cries, "I gave Thee all,
And wherefore should this thing be so?
I pray Thee tell me, of Thy grace,
Wherefore this evil thing should be—
That this dread vision of his face
Should creep between my soul and Thee?"

Then softly steals a Spirit Voice—
(Her starry eyes through tear-drops shine,)
"Weep no more, daughter—but rejoice—
Thy soul and body still are Mine;
Yet in My Father's House above,
Close to My Feet the saints prepare
A place for him whom thou dost love—
For thou shalt save his soul by prayer!"

(Violet D. Chapman, "Sorrento," Burnham, Somerset.)

We also select for printing:

WHERE THE DERWENT MEETS THE SEA.

Heard you the wind in the night, my lads,
Where the Derwent meets the sea?
The foam on the rocks is white, my lads,
And as wild as the furies be.
We raced through the wind of the gale,
When our masts were stript of the sail,
And the foul winds sang,
And the breakers' clang
Was louder than Death's own hail!

Saw you our boat in the night, my lads,
Where the Derwent meets the sea?
As swift as the swallow's flight, my lads,
Through the seething foam went we.
Our rudder was gone, the tempest bore
Our boat to the howling, rocky shore,
With a sightless dash,
And a grinding crash,
We sank, and we rose no more!

Hear you my tale in the night, my lads,
Where the Derwent meets the sea?
O, I am the captain's sprite, my lads,
And I haunt where the breakers be;
When whistles the wind of the rising gale,
I rise from the rocks with my ghostly hail;
And I cry: "Beware
Of the wild reef there,"
And the sea gives an answering wail.

(Berwick Sayers, 65, Avondale Road, South Croydon).

This competition has been a little disappointing in quality, but very good ballads have also been sent in by Winifred Cook (Birkenhead), Joan Adair (Dublin), D. Tweeddale (Birkdale), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Marjorie W. Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Millicent Gibson (Liverpool), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), Alexander R. C Eaton (Forest Gate), Geo. R. Blake (Greenock), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), M. D. Baynes (Teignmouth), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), E. Price (Birmingham), Miss M. Christmas (Sevenoaks), Alice D. Neal (Elland), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), Austen H. Pennington (Oldbury), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), John MacTaggart (Edinburgh), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), Rev. J. Shone (Bangor), A. S. Hume (Birkenhead), Hadley Ford (Clifton), Margaret Dunn (Hammersmith), John H. Gladwell (Worcester), Margaret E. Painter (Wimbledon), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Will Louden (Dunfermline), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), Edward H. Bucknole (Boscombe), Richard P. McCoy (Gillingham), R Cogger (Dartford), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), H. M. Waithman (Chudleigh), Chris. W. Martin (Plumstead), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), J. C. Church (Castleford), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Beatrice Craig (Straidaran), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Edith Leadbeater (Birstall), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), R. B. Matson; Gwendoline

Mrs. Primrose and her family.
Drawn by Hugh Thomson.
From "The Vicar of Wakefield," with Preface by Austin Dobson and illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan).

D. Harold (High Barnet), D. M. Kelmode (Coventry), W. H. Hamilton (Aberdeen), Gladice Vivian (Penarth), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), Stanley Simpson (Birkenhead), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), M. Pickthall (London, W.), E. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), William Morriss (Sheffield), A. W. Jay (Devonport), E. Summers (Dukinfield), Dorothy J. Smith (Gravesend), Archibald J. A. Wilson (Rondebosch, Cape Town), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Lorna Fane (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Marion Cowall (Murrayfield), Doris Dean (Bromley), Emily Cornell (Upper Norwood), Joseph Poole Addey (Kingston-on-Thames), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), E. Lovel Langton (Burton-on-Trent), Theodore Maynard (London, W.), B. Vickery (Bradford), W. A. McPhail (Glasgow).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Marion F. Brown, of 7, Central Road, Gloucester, for the following :—

THE PORCELAIN LADY. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Martin Secker.)

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care."

T. HOOD—*Bridge of Sighs.*

We also select for printing :

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN. By JEFFERY FARNOL. (Sampson Low.)

"You'll find him working mildly at the Bar
After a touch at two or three professions."

SIR W. S. GILBERT—*To My Bride.*

(E. A. Pearson, Noss Mayo, Fleet.)

A QUAKER WOOING. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Hutchinson.)

"Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was."

FITZGERALD—*Omar Khayyám.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

FORTUNES FOR FARMERS. By BERNARD GILBERT.

"That must depend on the weather."
LEWIS CARROLL—*The Hunting of the Snark.*

(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

PRISON SONGS AND POEMS. By J. ROBERT CLARKE.

"Labour we must, and labour hard."
HERRICK—*Labour.*

(A. C. Laughton, 4, Hatfield Street, Wakefield.)

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO? By E. ROBINS. (Heinemann.)

"Ask me no more."
TENNYSON—*The Princess.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. By ELLEN KEY. (Putnam.)

"Break, break, break."
TENNYSON.

(Thomas Huffington, 8, Granby Road, Headingley, Leeds.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best original drawing illustrating the title of any book mentioned in last month's BOOKMAN, is divided, and we are sending Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. Ronald Harley, of Wentworth Road, Four Oaks, Birmingham, and Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. Michael Teale, of The Red Cottage, West Park, Leeds, for the drawings reproduced on pages 62 and 63. We specially commend the drawings received from J. H. Fletcher (Tottenham), Henry G. Dowling (Portsmouth), W. E. Dodsworth (Sheffield), Doris Dean (Bromley), Rose Reynolds (Christchurch, Hants), W. Hawkins, Jun. (Sheffield), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), E. S. Heron (Chester), J. N. Pickthall (London, W.), R. F. Reynolds (Lanbedr).

The Cap that Fits.
Drawn by Bernard Partridge.
From "Proverbs in Porcelain," by Austin Dobson ; illustrated by Bernard Partridge (Kegan Paul & Co.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. R. W. King, of "Deepdene," Catford Hill, S.E., for the following:

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Williams & Norgate.)

To a psychologist studying the mind of "G. K. C.", this book would be absorbingly interesting; to the literary student it is rather curious. Considerably more than half deals with politics and religion, rather than with literature in any aspect. Even when "G. K. C." does treat of pure literature, he says a great many more clever things than true ones. His well-known sturdy independence of opinion is, we fear, in serious danger here of becoming aggressive bigotry; and the mere student is thus hard put to it to resist being "carried off his feet" by its many splendid, but scarcely trustworthy, paradoxes.

Mr. Austin Dobson's Bookplate.

We also select for printing:

GROWING PAINS. BY IVY LOW. (Heinemann.)

In an age of introspection we are all apt to analyse Life till we find it in pieces at our feet, and then to lament because we cannot put it together again. And thus it was with Gertrude, the heroine of "Growing Pains." Evincing considerable powers of observation and psychological insight, Miss Low gives us a well-drawn picture of middle-class London girlhood which, redeemed by a certain lightness of touch from a tendency to morbidity, is well worth reading, but which leaves us with a strong desire to take the neurotic Gertrude out for a long walk in the rain.

(Edgar Frere, Author's Club, 2, Whitehall Court, S.W.)

THE COMMON THAT I LOVE.

BY W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., and HENRY E. TURNER. (Dent.)

Fascinating always, Nature Study has now become a fashion. From the noise of the commercial world, and from the smell of the petrol, the city man now joins—in the spirit—with the little child of the Board School standards, to enjoy the unspeakable, and yet speaking, things of the earth and sky. This little handbook, one of a series, is a wonderfully useful practical guide to those things that one knows there are around, but yet knows them not. The illustrations are plain, the language simple, and all combined to read like—like Life.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.)

THE WEAKER VESSEL. BY E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann.)

Harry Whittaker finds that the elusive elf called "Inspiration" appears only when he is under the influence of alcohol. Without its stimulus the doors of his dramatic genius remain obstinately barred. To Eleanor, the stronger vessel, a character drawn with unusual insight, falls the task of fighting her husband's battles. Her weapons are love and an infinite capacity for understanding. And never once do those weapons become dulled: not even in the big crisis of her married life. Mr. Benson's style is admirably restrained, and he writes with a quiet strength that "gets there" by reason of its very unobtrusiveness.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

MOONSEED. BY ROSALIND MURRAY. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Any new writer, saddled with an illustrious parentage, is heavily handicapped; inevitably, too much is expected. There are, however, two points for congratulation in Miss Rosalind Murray's "Moonseed"; the plot-construction is so good that one does not foresee the end, and the minor characters are excellently done. But Miss Murray should make her people *do* something; feelings alone become wearisome. She should cultivate a sense of humour, and, when describing a well-known place like Amalfi so accurately that it can be recognised by anyone who has not been there, she should give it its own name.

(Florence G. Fidler, 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W.)

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE.

G. K. CHESTERTON. (Williams and Norgate.)

This book exemplifies the inevitable result of setting upon a work that is primarily critical a mind that is primarily constructive. The essence of criticism, as Arnold insisted, is that one should make transparent the window of one's own perception. Mr. Chesterton has shown us the Victorians through the stained-glass of his own highly individualised personality. It is an account rather of Mr. Chesterton than of Victorian literature. Nevertheless men, books, movements, characteristics, and tendencies, he hits off in phrases, similies, and sentences of a felicity that compels the consent of his bitterest opponents in art, politics and religion.

(J. H. Dugdale, Jesus College, Oxford.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Ernest S. Heron (Chester), Doris Baker (Eastbourne), F. W. Lawfield (Cambridge), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Robert B. Boswell (Bassett, Southampton), A. A. Chadwick (Derby), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), G. D. M. Allinson (Hampstead), Claude L. Penrose (Woolwich), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), J. B. ffoulkes (Mellor, Derbyshire), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), L. Cargill (Wallington), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), Mary Kingdom (Leamington, Spa), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs), W. H. Gillman (Devizes), Miss Van der Pant (Highgate, N.), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead), W. J. Hollman (Rhyl), Miss L. J. Benham (Colchester), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. M. M. (Glasgow, W.), Alan C. Fraser (Dodington, Bridgwater), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor, Stockport), W. McC. Miller (Londonderry), Miss C. Wilson (Aberdeen), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Kelvinside, Glasgow), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Ronald Harley (Birmingham), N. Raghunathan (Kumbakouam, S. India), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Edith Chadwick (Derby), William F. Spalding (Palmer's Green, N.), F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington, N.), Enid Fletcher (Nottingham), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Sybil Waller (London, S.W.), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miriam Kirkby (Dore, Sheffield), H. Francis Young (Bow, E.), and James A. Richards Tenby).

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

Heading from "The Old Sedan Chair" in "The Ballad of Beau Brocade and other Poems" (Kegan Paul).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. H. Helsby, 55, Kingsley Road, Liverpool.

THE ART OF HUGH THOMSON.

By J. P. COLLINS.

THE association of Mr. Dobson's muse with the art of Hugh Thomson, is the most natural thing in the world. It comes as easily to the mind as to couple Keats with Severn or Dickens with Cruikshank and "Phiz." One of the most beguiling of Mr. Dobson's essays is written in praise of Hugh Thomson, "an artist (he says) whose hand is never so happy as when it works in the half-light of a bygone time." There, in a phrase, lies the note of sympathy, and all the other notes follow in due harmony. Both poet and artist came into their own at a time when the Victorian era was growing too self-centred, too consciously moral and instructive, too intensely modern as modernity counted twenty or thirty years ago. It costs an effort in this later day, perhaps, to talk of the 'eighties as crude and pre-occupied with novelties; but one may take leave to doubt if this age of cinemas and hydroplanes ever takes itself quite so seriously as did the period that hailed the bicycle and the "bun" and rang with the exploits of the late Charles Peace.

To correct and leaven that self-importance of the 'eighties, there was no better influence than a revival of the essence of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and it fell to Mr. Thomson to remind our generation that the costume and tradition of Hogarth's time has still "potency of life" in it. All that is demanded in the process of resurrection is that the artist shall have humanity and freshness enough. The wire of contact is there if enough current comes to quicken it; and the application of this simple rule is the only secret underlying Thomson's work. He began with all the aptitudes and a true eye, of course—these were essentials; but the rest of his achievement has been simply the pouring of his own rich nature into the channels of fancy and interpretation. Sooner or later in this field he was bound to chance upon the lyrics of Mr. Dobson, and we may count it a happy fortune for us all that the chance came early.

Mr. Thomson's first start in life—barring his birth at Coleraine, of course—was in the linen mills of Belfast. It was another kind of mill that Longfellow was thinking of when he wrote his famous line, but at any rate the linen mills went far too slowly for a lad whose bent was all for drawing. One day his inaptitude for textiles and trade showed an active phase, for he took the trouble to warn a client in his choice of a material, and as this piece of advice cost the firm a modicum of gain per yard, they concluded in all good humour that they would rather part with their pupil than with their profit. Just about this time the uncommercial youth was illuminating an address for his old schoolmaster on retirement, and this labour of love was shown by some one to the principals at Marcus Ward's, the chief art publishing firm in Ireland. To the novice's delight they offered him a post in their designing office, and the lad who had shown himself so undesigning in trade soon excelled expectations as a draughtsman. He put in a four years' term of apprenticeship, and another four years after that. As he says himself, had it not been for a re-arrangement of the firm, he might have been contentedly at Belfast until now.

Thus early in the 'eighties and his own twenties, Thomson came to London, and his first experiences were not of a sort to inflate young hopes, humble as they were. He persevered in his siege of a big illustrated paper until he had captured the heart of the art editor, when of a sudden the proprietor snuffed his ambitions there by a blunt refusal. A very few years later that decision was loftily overlooked and the artist invited to contribute to their columns; this time, the curt refusal came from Mr. Thomson. For things at last had begun to be more encouraging. He had gained a footing on the staff engaged by Mr. Comyns Carr for the new *English Illustrated Magazine*, and no one who has watched the evolution of our art periodicals will forget the thrill it caused by its determined and successful attempt to set up a standard which has not been beaten since. Its first volumes, in spite of thin paper and an air of feeling their way, still proclaim the most distinctive bid for perfection in our magazines that the last century produced, and no British periodical can show a higher proportion of contributors who have risen to eminence since. One of these was Mr. Dobson, already famous for his inimitable verse, and it was to accompany his prose papers in the magazine that Mr. Thomson was first asked to use his pencil as an illustrator.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Hugh Thomson.**
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

The first venture was a misadventure, in a way. The artist was told to turn

out a few drawings to adorn an article on Covent Garden. Unfortunately no period was nominated in the bond, and this led up to a divergence of a century or so. Mr. Thomson, seized with a resolve to be up-to-date, drew a series of studies of the Garden as it is to-day—or existed then—and it was not until delivery that he learned Mr. Dobson's pen was occupied with Covent Garden of the eighteenth century. With his usual resource and amiability, Mr. Comyns Carr procured a few old prints, and it was with this unco-ordinated series of pictures that the paper made its appearance, to the satisfaction of nobody, perhaps, and the puzzled surprise of the discerning reader. At any rate, the occurrence taught its lesson, and the courtly tone of Mr. Dobson's muse found no departure in time—no syncopation, shall we say?—from his favourite illustrator after that. They became firm friends, and it would be hard to say of whom Mr. Thomson's memories are the kindlier, Mr. Dobson or Mr. Comyns Carr. Certainly no editor could have been readier in courtesy or patience to a beginner, or less prone to confuse, as some editors have been known to do, testiness for taste, and arrogance for authority.

"The Weekly Instruction in the Tunes of the Psalms."

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.
From "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley" (Macmillan).

Men have praised Mr. Thomson's dexterity, but dexterity is a bagatelle. Even the Post-impressionists have that,—or some of them had it once. The cultivation or possession of a physical faculty like drawing

The Little Bridal Procession.

From "Silas Marner," by George Eliot; Illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan).

The Young Lady entered the Pump Room.

From "Evelina," by Fanny Burney (Macmillan).
Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

Lady Teazle.

From one of Hugh Thomson's colour illustrations to "The School for Scandal." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness."
Miss Neville, Mrs. Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin.

From one of Hugh Thomson's colour illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

is a poor thing in itself, unless it has illumination behind it. "Unless you see visions," Dean Church used to say to his curates, "I despair of you." Mr. Thomson has had the happy knack throughout of passing his visions on to others. From his first magazine attempts, and the time when he made his bow to the spirit of Caldecott, up to the delicate height and perfection of his pen work in "Cranford," and "The Vicar," he took his own way, and in his own vein, just as his countryman Goldsmith did, and with something of the same resulting bounty to mankind. He has done no less in his pencilled landscapes in the "Highways" edition (landscape has always been his favourite field), and the coloured plates of the later series. He has never been content with textual embellishment or the mere objective transcript. Like Abbey, he has found his starting point in the spirit and conception of the author, and the rest has followed easily. As Traherne sings, he has

> ". . . wandered over all men's grounds,
> And found repose."

Everything of his bears the impress of serenity, touched with the genuine love of nature and the hues of health and beauty, and open to every influence save the morbid and the trite. They say the age is returning to the spiritual, for the same reason, perhaps, that the cynic recommended the policy of honesty—it has "tried both." But it seems to me that our generation can never wholly have lost touch with the things that are of good repute, since it has never forfeited its admiration for the gaiety and grace and genius of Hugh Thomson.

Fisher-folk at Folkestone.

Unpublished Sketches from Hugh Thomson's note book.

GOOD COMPANY.*

By WALTER SICHEL.

ESSAYS should be companions who show country cousins the sights. And in the circle of this volume a brilliant friend speaks to us, intimately revealing not only the recesses of his own mind, but the very core of his striking themes. Nor are these, though diverse and even contrary, unrelated; they are not, that is to say, of the kind that makes us wonder—as about the "fly in amber"—"how the devil they got there." They belong to one broad era or at least to sections of it, and, much as they differ in tone and temperament, they are all more or less imbued with the sixteenth or seventeenth century atmosphere—that of Renaissance and Reformation. One of them indeed has an earlier birthday—and with him we shall begin—but even he, the noble John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, is steeped in an Italy that brought forth Machiavelli. And furthermore, like the rest of his comrades, he is an adventurer by birthright. If it be objected that prosaic John Stow (of "The Survey"), Sir Thomas Browne (of the "Religio Medici"), and that brocaded Duchess of Newcastle (the sole woman of this fellowship) cannot strictly speaking so be called, our answer must be a courteous dissent. The first was a cantankerous citizen who longed to be a scholar and a gentleman but could never become either, and yet by a sheer enthusiasm for antiquity lost himself in an enduring work. If this was no adventure, what then is? The second—a secular saint—was eminently an adventurer of the spirit, a "spiritual Don Quixote" who, by virtue of that absorbing faculty, has poeticised our prose. And the third was throughout a fantastic of the first order, the sharer, moreover, of a queen's tragedy and exile. Each of them voyaged after the unknown, and of all adventurers Jason in his good ship *Argo* seems the eternal type. But though the golden fleece be Jason's quest, he is not necessarily a commercial traveller. Always he is a man of destiny and his ocean is a magic pathway. Indeed all who vividly give themselves out and venture much, however quietly, are adventurers. And of this valiant crew our author is assuredly a glad and gallant captain. Still, however, we have not yet reached our John Tiptoft. But a last prefatory comment remains, Mr. Whibley has the art, or rather the instinct, of playing round the persons portrayed, of giving us variegated glimpses both of character and circumstance. He can make a world out of a room, that is a great test, and the result is not a series of miniatures, but a biographical drama. Both by what he says and by what he leaves unsaid, he bodies forth the past till it moves before us, and *his* observations on its movements almost appear to be our own.

* "Essays in Biography." By Charles Whibley. 5s. net. (Constable.)

The Bookstalls in Charing Cross Road.

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.
From "Highways and Byways in London" (Macmillan).

"Miss Jenkyns used to say."

From "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell; illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan).

Balliol has long enjoyed a manifold prominence, but which of her nurslings can rival Tiptoft, created Earl of Worcester when he was twenty-five, traveller, scholar, writer, all-accomplished although "the Butcher of England"; at once the protector of humanities and the impaler of his foes; always brave, praised by scholars and soldiers though barely skilful with sword or pen? A Yorkist, he was yet first exalted by the Sixth Henry and so journeyed Jerusalem-ward simply to avoid the dilemmas of regard and allegiance. Gorgeous and capricious, he next betook himself to Italy where he joined and patronised the throng of wandering scholars—a strange and often ragged chivalry. He studied Latin at Padua and Greek at Florence, he translated Cæsar and

Cicero (and also, by the way, Buonaccorso's "Declaration of Nobleness"). And he returned to mete out savage vengeance to King Edward the Fourth's enemies, and to be handed down as the Italianate Englishman—"a kind of bogey." He served as "Guardian of the Sea." As Irish Deputy, he slaughtered the Desmonds ere he became Lieutenant. The budding Renaissance lent him no illusions, and the sentimentalist would have killed his kinsmen for his King. But loyal he remained to that restless fratricide. The close will be best conveyed as Mr. Whibley tells it :—

"The pomp and pageantry of his life did not desert him. Tried before the Earl of Oxford, whose father and mother he had sent to the block, he met with as little mercy as he had been wont to give . . . . . As he went along one of the friars who accompanied him, an Italian of the order of St. Dominic, a kindly fellow and bountiful of speech, said to him 'Sire, you are brought here by your unheard-of cruelty,' to which the Earl made answer that what he had done he had done for the State. But the garrulous friar gave him no peace, saying that only just and honest things should be done for the State. . . . . Tiptoft bore even the friar's impertinence with an equal mind, and when the time came for him to lose his head, he bade the executioner cut it off in three strokes as a courtesy to the Holy Trinity."

Was this irony? It must be hoped not. But at any rate it was characteristic. And so he lies buried at All Hallows, Barking, while his effigy—the tribute of a friend—adorns Ely Cathedral. Truly, as Mr. Whibley moralises, "two souls inhabiting one body." The problems of Hyde and Jekyll haunt the whole vista of the Renaissance, nor are they always absent from the longer view of the Reformation.

But if we desire—as all the young-hearted should—a full array of melodrama, surely we must turn to the reign of James the First and the typical course of

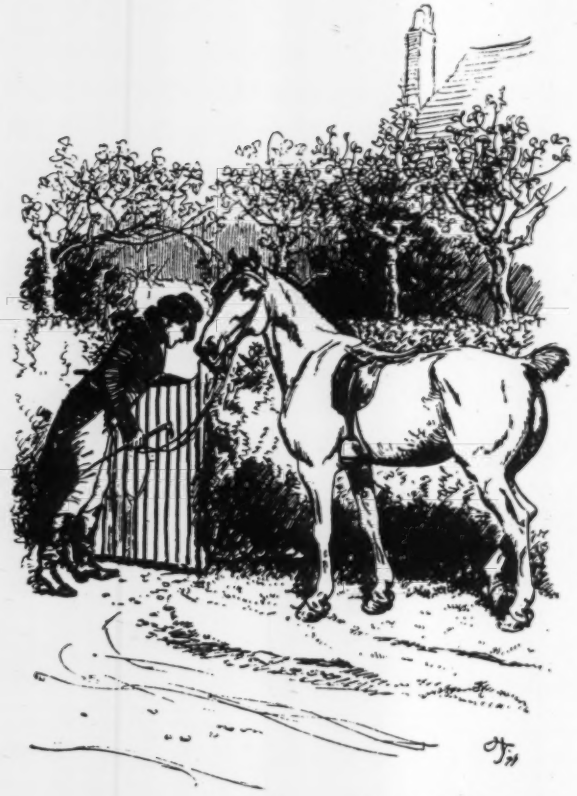
Mercery Lane.

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.
From "Highways and Byways in Kent" (Macmillan).

Stella's Cottage in Moor Park.

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.
From "Highways and Byways in Surrey" (Macmillan).

Sir Thomas Overbury. The whole art of the Adelphi is here. There is the radiant adventuress in high places—Lady Essex with her paramour Rochester; the false and exploiting friend—Robert Carr; the fair sorceress (it was the age of witchcraft)—Mistress Turner, with her accomplice the magician Forman; the conspirators with the dark figure of Lord Northampton in the background; the intriguing influence, too, of Francis Bacon (who in this instance can never be accused of being Shakespeare); the slippery, slobbery King with his *coup de main* ready to fall on the favourite's head; and, to crown this whirligig of surprise and catastrophe, Sir Philip Sidney's daughter, the Countess of Rutland, as the victim's lady love. The age had indeed declined when the daughter of such a pattern could be found in such a galley! And then comes the lingering poison of a torturing death, the hopes against hope, the final gasp—nor least in the chapter of vicissitudes, the nemesis that eventually overtook the villainess, dressed "in black tammel, a cypress chaperon, a cobweb lawn ruff and cuffs," tried for murder in Westminster Hall. From such curdling scenes of crime and colour, Mr. Whibley gently leads us, as is his wont, to Overbury's book of "Characters," which best preserves his name—the herald of a long succession, from which, however, is here omitted Halifax's famous "Character of a Trimmer."



"It was Edward."

From "Sense and Sensibility," by Jane Austen; illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan).

Scholar and schemer, such was the century's combination! And perhaps one of the most interesting among these studies is that of the Admirable Crichton, some of whose gloss becomes a trifle soiled in the process. For Mr. Whibley is apparently of opinion that this *tour de force* incarnate depended somewhat on a prodigious memory for his invention. Yet, with every discount, what an amazing career was there. Everywhere, in grace, in fealty, in acrobatic learning, in colossal advertisement, he prevails. He outruns his century. Everywhere he is "interviewed." His progress through Venice and Padua reads like that of a modern "star" in America. The tournament of words is immense. What was Sheridan's "Begum" Speech of under two hours in comparison with three livelong days of refutation by James Crichton the incomparable Scot? And in the end, for such careers at that epoch—fatality! Nothing can be more tragic than the way in which, after his homage to Gonzaga, he was foully done to death in the Mantuan alley. A gipsy scholar indeed. Far less so—though he roved afield—is the nomad licentiate George Buchanan, the glory of the North, the wonder of the South. Mr. Whibley thinks more of him as a troubadour, perhaps, than in our ignorance can we. Nor, as regards his Latin lyrics, do we feel quite sure that his Neæra and Eleonora were so unreal. Mr. Whibley inclines to give Buchanan Rabelaisan affinities both of acquaintance and temperament. Buchanan was doubtless a sage who could rollick, but save in persistence, there seems to have been little of the giant about him. Rabelais, surely, on the other hand, must have been a very leviathan of spontaneous strength, splashing hugely in the salt waterspouts of his humour. But in one thing there is a near resemblance, the encounters between what another of these characters well describes as "Captain Necessitie and Cosyn Povertie."

Space forbids us to linger over Stow, the literal surveyor; or Edward Hall, the Worshipper of King Hal; or that most fascinating "Queen of Sheba" (one thinks of Sterne's), Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, who explored all worlds, reverenced her husband as a miracle and, second to him, her own works. Of these happily does Mr. Whibley observe, "the web of nonsense, which she spun like a spider from her brain, was yet able to enmesh the fly of flattery."

And now, after all, what time is there for Mr. Whibley's fascinating study of Sir Thomas Browne, the most Montaignesque (though with more piety) of Englishmen? As we read, we seem to be culling simples from Hymettus—yet Hymettus, notwithstanding, was only seventeenth century Norwich. Browne's "solemn gaiety" and wondering acuteness is a landmark in our style. "Above all," well comments Mr. Whibley, "he was not merely an inventor of harmonies; he was an inventor of the words to which these harmonies are composed." He was natural though self-conscious. "He was one who thought in images." "And so it is that though he writes what is called prose, he was always a poet, a poet working in careless disregard of the rules, yet never failing to achieve the effect at which he aims."

Covent Garden—The Avenue in the Afternoon.

From a drawing by Hugh Thomson, illustrating "The Tour of Covent Garden," by Austin Dobson, in *The English Illustrated*, 1884.

Had we more space it would have been a pleasure to have instanced also Mr. Whibley's excellent humour. He never takes himself or his subject too seriously, but alway he respects the dignity of the past, and always he desires it for the present. Nor does he ever forget to pay the compliments that are due from history to human nature.

New Books.

WILLIAM WATSON'S NEW POEMS.*

The poets are always the finest of politicians—so long as they keep clear of party politics. We have great national songs, but we have no great Tory or Liberal songs, and there never shall be any; for it is inevitable that your party-politician does, in a manner, make the parish his world instead of the world his parish. Poetry breaks its wings within such narrow limits; the poet stultifies himself when he gives up to party what was meant for mankind, and nowhere is the Muse so utter an exile as in the House of Commons. But, happily, that is not the atmosphere into which Mr. William Watson's Muse has been banished. There are only three or four political poems in his new volume, and one only wishes them away because he is too true and fine a poet to be wasting his time in transitory faction fights. When he inveighed with such passion and splendour against the iniquities of the Sultan he was not speaking as a party politician, but as a humanitarian; and for my part, in spite of his three or four political poems here, I will no more give Mr. Watson over to the Unionist Party than I will whittle Shelley down and call him a Radical. Those badges are too small to go round the necks of poets without stifling them.

Mr. Watson feels that the Muse is exiled in a different and a larger sense. He says, in a prefatory essay on "The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life," that in this country poetry has of late "appealed with constantly diminishing force to the audience which it addresses," that the need for the poet "is felt by but few persons in our day. With one exception there is not a living English poet the sales of whose poems would not have been thought contemptible by Scott and Byron." The exception is Kipling; apart from him "England's living singers succeed in reaching only a pitifully small audience." But I fancy it was always so. When Byron and Scott pleased large audiences, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth had to be content with the appreciation of the few; whilst Tennyson charmed the multitude, Browning, Arnold and others sang to comparatively small circles; when Hayley was selling his thousands nobody was buying Blake. The explanation is that one style of work happens to suit the taste of the moment and the other does not. Anyhow, I think the Muse is no more in exile now than she always has been; but I am glad Mr. Watson thinks otherwise, if it is only because he has thus been moved to write the poem that gives the title to this book. He laments that the Age banishes the poets from her heart

> "To a distant, desert province of her thoughts,
> A region grey and pale; or, crueller still,
> Gives them, at times, gusts of applause, and then
> Remands them to new frosts of unconcern;"

but he foresees the coming of a better day:

> "For in Life's midmost chamber there still burns
> Upon the ancient hearth the ancient fire,
> Whence are all flamelike things, the unquenchable Muse
> Among them, who, though meanly lodged to-day,
> In dreariest outlands of the world's regard,
> Foresees the hour when Man shall once more feel
> His need of her, and call the exile home."

Rarely has Mr. Watson written so spontaneously or with a more exquisite simplicity and tenderness than in some of the lyrics here—"The Three Givers," "Dublin Bay," "Part of My Story"—and many a magic phrase and stately verse testifies that he has lost none of his old cunning in building the lofty rhyme and breathing into it that deep-toned, swelling organ-music of which no living poet has a higher mastery than he. Take the lines on "The Centenary of Dickens," the great fighter in the cause of truth and right:

> "A knight on whom no palsying torpor fell,
> Keen to the last to break a lance with Hell.
> And still undimmed his conquering weapons shine;
> On his bright sword no spot of rust appears;
> And still, across the years,
> His soul goes forth to battle, and in the face
> Of whatsoe'er is false, or cruel, or base,
> He hurls his gage, and leaps among the spears;
> Being armed with pity and love, and scorn divine,
> Immortal laughter, and immortal tears."

Or "A Full Confession," with its magnificent picture of Niagara, as it

> ". . . takes the infernal plunge,
> And out of the grey rage of the abysm,
> Out of the torment, everlastingly
> Upbreathes what seems, when sunlight touches it,
> The smoke of Hell lost in the smile of God."

I am not going to complain of the partisanship that rages in "Ulster's Reward" when it comes in the same volume with "Moonset and Sunrise," that touches imaginatively and with such power and uplifting earnestness on the tardy victory of the Cross over the Crescent in Eastern Europe:

> "Enough, if hands that heretofore
> Laboured to bar His road,
> Delay henceforward nevermore
> The charioteers of God,
> Who halt and slumber, but anon,
> With burning wheels, drive thundering on."

If there is nothing in "The Muse in Exile" that surpasses what Mr. Watson has done in the past, there is much that soars at the same high level and has the characteristic beauty of thought and loftiness of utterance that make the peculiar charm of his work.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "The Muse in Exile." By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Harry and Dick the Soldier.

From "Lamorna"; with an Introduction by Austin Dobson and Illustrations by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan).

WAGNER WITHOUT TEARS.*

Messrs. Reeves are just now publishing some capital Wagner volumes. Here, for instance, are two, containing the famous treatise "Opera and Drama" in a size grateful to the hand (albeit a little heavy) and dignified enough even for the shelf of favourite music books. Older Wagnerians, contemplating the monumental row of prose works, may think that there was scarcely need for another translation; but they forget that time has gone on—gone on so fast indeed, that some who were once "advanced" in their musical appreciation have become hard-shell conservatives, so loyal to Richard the First that the mere name of Richard the Second makes them foam (journalistically) at the mouth. It seems not so very many years ago that Wagnerians in England had more opportunities for reading his prose works than for hearing his music dramas; but a new generation has arisen since then, and the operatic repertory has so far changed that many who know "Tristan" and the "Ring" by heart are now looking forward to the revival of "Lohengrin" and "The Flying Dutchman" as interesting novelties.

The young enthusiasts of to-day really know very little, at first hand, of Wagner's prose. To them these volumes can be strongly recommended, especially as the edition possesses some very helpful features. Wagner (alas, that we should have to say it!) was terribly long-winded. Everything he wrote is one-third, or even more, longer than it should be. In the case of the "Meistersinger" we are prepared to endure the heavenly length for the sake of the music; in the case of (say) "Rienzi" we are not. This misguided energy of production is seen at its worst in his prose works; for while in music he knew just what he wanted to say, his prose treatises are often little more than a protracted process of making up his own mind, involving lengthy and obscure arguments with himself about his own meaning.

"Opera and Drama," for example, is a torrential essay entirely without form, though certainly not void. Wagner the æsthetician shared the natural impulse of German philosophers towards complete unintelligibility, and the present treatise is not to be read without much wrestling. Now Mr. Edwin Evans, the translator, not only writes very clear and intelligible English (as Wagnerian translators sometimes do not), but he has very bravely broken up the matter into sections and paragraphs with appropriately epitomized headings; and so, "who will may hear Sordello's story told."

No doubt the aboriginal Wagnerites will be horrified at this rational handling of a congenially obscure treatise, but the normal lover of music will be grateful; for this book, like the "Laokoon," is an æsthetic essay of real constructive value, and, in conjunction with Wagner's own practice, it has dramatised the opera for ever.

Reading it now, in the light of our present familiarity with the once anathematized music, we observe with interest that, while some of it is rather suspiciously like special pleading in favour of Wagner's own predilection for Teutonic myths, some of it indicates an ideal that he certainly did not reach himself. Something near it has been recently attained, not in an opera, but in a ballet, the "Pétrouchka" of Stravinsky, where the absence of speech seems not so much a deficiency as a positive addition.

That by the way. What, perhaps, the reader of to-day will enjoy most in the book is not so much the main thesis as the by-the-ways of rich constructive criticism, the thoughts of a musician about musicians. I wonder, sometimes, if we recognize how much of our admiration for the greatest masters we owe to the flaming hero-worship and militant zeal of Wagner. In the land where all discords are resolved, Beethoven surely recognizes a great apostle as well as a fellow-prophet.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Opera and Drama." By Richard Wagner. Translated by Edwin Evans, F.R.C.O. 2 Vols. 10s. net. (William Reeves.)

BOHN'S LIBRARY.*

It is almost superfluous nowadays to write anything in commendation of Bohn's Library. Carlyle uttered the general verdict when he said, some fifty years ago, "In regard to all manner of books, Bohn's Publication Series is the usefullest thing I know." Henry G. Bohn founded his famous Library in 1847; in 1864 it was taken over by Messrs. Bell, and throughout the sixty-six years of its existence it has retained its high place in the esteem of every lover of good books. The student soon came to know that he could depend upon Bohn's edition of any English classic, and that if he bought a translation of any foreign classic in that series it was sure to be a sound and a scholarly one. As the prices of books went, too, a generation ago, the volumes were remarkably cheap, and for this reason also the average book lover had a warm corner in his heart for the name of their publisher.

Recent years have brought us a vast and ever-growing variety of excellent reprints that are cheaper still. Bohn's well-printed, well-produced books at three-and-sixpence were accounted miracles of cheapness; but to-day the popular price has fallen to a shilling, and in a happy hour, and in the right enterprising spirit, Messrs. Bell have at length resolved on a cheap reissue of the great series that has so long been associated with their firm, and the first twenty volumes are already published. They are a varied and attractive selection ranging from Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" to Fanny Burney's "Evelina"; from Goethe's "Poetry and Truth" to Fielding's "Joseph Andrews"; from Calverley's translation of Theocritus to "Gulliver's Travels." There is Motley's "Dutch Republic" in three volumes, and "Don Quixote," Emerson's works, and Burton's "Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah," each in two. Lamb's Essays, Ebers's "Egyptian Princess," and Arthur Young's "Travels in France," make up the twenty. Print, paper and binding—they are bound quietly and tastefully in cloth—are all that the most exacting reader could desire, and we have no hesitation in forecasting that Bohn's Library in its new form will be as deservedly successful and as general a boon as it was in its old.

MODERN DRAMA.†

Without a doubt, the playwright, who is faithful to the principles of dramatic art, has the advantage of his artistic brethren. He can afford to be catholic and cosmopolitan about views, theories, missions *et hoc genus omne*, provided that his own are concentrated upon the one criterion of valuable self-expression—the play's the thing. He may thirst after Utopias; he may cleave to the traditions of his ancestors; he may be pragmatist or pantheist, but whoso shall counsel him to employ the stage as a dray-horse for his opinions is a pestilent *advocatus diaboli*. If he write plays, he must stick to his last; he has one canon, the realisation of men and women in dramatic relation with one another. If he conceive the canon as an incentive to the dour craftmanship of Aristotelian unities and "well-made plays," he has only interpreted it in the spirit of the pedagogue. Mr. Fox's "This Generation" has carefully forgotten this. George Tremayne, an idealist manufacturer of cheap cigarettes, disgusted with modern social conditions, takes the plunge and a newspaper shop with an income of one hundred a year, as the residue of his great possessions. His commonplace wife and children naturally suffer, and his industrial partners prosper exceedingly. Mrs. Tremayne goes back for her children's sake and finally inveigles Tremayne himself back into a plutocratic environment seven devils worse than the first. Revolt is futile, and the "loving hands of wife and children close

* "Bohn's Popular Library." First Twenty Volumes. 1s. net each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

† "This Generation." A Play by S. M. Fox. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin).—"The Great Adventure: A Play of Fancy in Four Acts." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. net. (Methuen.)

"The Curé's Progress."

"Monsieur the Curé down the street
Comes with h's kind old face."

"The Idyll of the Carp."

"The scene is in a garden, where you p'ease,
So that it lie in France. . . ."

"Une Marquise."

"As you sit there at your ease,
O Marquise!
And the men flock round your knees
Thick as bees."

"Au Revoir: A Dramatic Vignette."

"*If Madame* [I omit] *will be*
Beside the Fountain-rail at Three
Then Madame—possibly—may hear
News of her Spaniel. JOLICŒUR.
Monsieur denies his note?"

From Etchings by Ad. Lalauze, illustrating Austin Dobson's "Poems on Several Occasions" (1895; Kegan Paul).

the golden prison house upon him." Now, here is no conflict of character, but of ideas masquerading as characters. We know perfectly well that the individuals of the play would and would not do certain things, just as well as we know that Hamlet would never have killed the king, had he been a Tolstoyan Pacificist. They have no option. The ideas see to that. The style of the play is indeed Jonsonian, with this difference—that the types are not selected from life itself, but from life as the reformer scans it, the novelist's stock-in-trade on the one hand and they that are gathered into the fold on the other. There are no cross-divisions. Behind the shifting panorama of conflicting social theories and interests, the *dramatis personæ* are effigies, with inscriptions. From the point of view of social service, of course, it does matter whether the Ayes or the Noes have it, but from that of dramatic presentment, it does not. Mr. Fox has allowed a clarified social conscience to obfuscate his dramatic conscience. While selecting a modern trend of play, which has uncharted possibilities, he has ignored its exigencies, which are to illustrate the reaction of personality upon environment. But Ibsen's characters never parade as sandwichmen and Shakespeare's problem-plays, "Measure for Measure," and "Troilus and Cressida," for instance, are an arena for tremendous dramatic fluctuation and development. The pity of "This Generation" is that, for all its sincerity and conviction, its abstractions have stultified vitality.

In spite of the reviewers, people are beginning to open their eyes to the fact that Mr. Bennett is the very Merlin of modern letters, able at will to metamorphose himself into the most diverse forms. It is a singular tribute to his elasticity of mind, for who would have imagined that the diarist of life, who wrote "The Old Wives' Tale," and "Clayhanger," with such meticulous accuracy of detail and observation, and with such provincial sobriety of treatment, could have leaped astride a sportive Pegasus and performed the most entertaining convolutions. It is hardly respectable, but the erudite Faust, we remember, was prone to all sorts of queer tricks. Mr. Bennett's new play—"The Great Adventure," catches him in his fantastic undress—a cap and bells motley which fits him exquisitely. It is an extravaganza, sliding now and again into pure farce and burlesque, but conceived with rare felicity, wit and sagacity. The theme of mistaken identity is as old and indeed as trite as Heine's sun, which was only an "old warmed-up jest," but Mr. Bennett has manœuvred it into a *jeu d'esprit*, as fresh and jocund in fancy as all his artistic acumen and dexterity could create. The conception of a great artist half gleefully, half from the press of circumstance, impersonating his dead valet, who is buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the fanfare of publicity, because he left a state donation of two hundred thousand pounds, is fertile enough in satiric suggestion. Still more so is it, when the pseudo-valet, dragged remonstrating from his idyllic domesticity at Putney, is free to return with his wife to their suburban Hesperides, because "the policy of hushing-up things," is "the cornerstone of England's greatness." Had the satiric motive of England's decorous hypocrisy and mercenary Philistinism been deepened and fortified, the *jeu d'esprit*, as such, must have been marooned. As it is, it serves as a brilliant, but incidental flashlight. The characterisation in the play is centred upon the artist's homely and competent wife, whom he met, thanks to the industrious matrimonial activities of his valet. But if the other characters are only passable, that hardly detracts from a clever piece of sleight-of-hand.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

HALF-LENGTHS.*

The late Justin McCarthy, in the "History of Our Own Times," devoted one of his last chapters to a political retrospect, and, in noting the men whose parliamentary career had been interrupted, mentioned Mr. Russell as one of those who, "it may be hoped, will not be content, will not even be allowed, to remain long out of the House of Commons." In a letter to Napier, in July, 1838, Macaulay wrote: "I am sick of the monotonous succession of parties, and long for quiet and retirement. To quit politics for letters is, I believe, a wise choice." Presumably Mr. Russell shares Macaulay's views, for he has retired from the dusty arena of political conflict for some years, and we have grown accustomed to expect at least one volume a year from his pen. One of the most interesting chapters in "Half-Lengths" is an autobiographical sketch of Mr. Russell's connection with the *Manchester Guardian*. It appeared in that paper on July 6th, 1912, and is entitled "A Silver Wedding." We learn that in 1897 Mr. Russell contributed some articles, which were afterwards published under the title of "Collections and Recollections." The origin of this well-known book is very typical of its author.

"My friend, James Payn, was then alive," he writes, "but confined to his house by crippling illness. I used to visit him pretty regularly, and did what I could to amuse him. One day he said that, if I would put on paper all I had told him, it would make a book, which his firm (Smith, Elder) would publish. . . . James Payn died on the 25th of March, 1898, and the book which I had hoped to place in his hand I could only dedicate to his memory."

Any reader of "Collections and Recollections" will have no difficulty in imagining what a delight Mr. Russell's visits must have been to poor James Payn. And what a host of invalids have benefited by that fortuitous illness! The present writer placed "Half-Lengths" and a recent eminent theological work at the bedside of an ailing Dissenting divine. It was no surprise to find later in the day that the gospel according to Mr. Russell had proved the more acceptable fodder of the two.

"Half-Lengths" is, we believe, the sixth book the author has made, principally from his articles in the *Manchester Guardian*. There are not many writers who can profitably publish their fugitive journalistic pieces in volume form, but the absolute freedom that Mr. Russell enjoys in the famous paper enables him to indulge his fancy in any and every direction. The bent of his tastes is sufficiently well known by now, and no one will be surprised to hear that Gladstone and Kingsley, and the Wilberforces, and Oxford and Cambridge appear in his latest book. One would think that repetition is unavoidable, and indeed Mr. Russell does not always escape it, but where he recognises it he quotes Lord Morley's excuse: "A man may once say a thing as he would have it said, he cannot say it twice." Some of the most delightful chapters in the book are concerned with "Relationships," and in these the author is seen at his truest and best. Almost uncannily apt in quotation, he roves over the literature of the world and brings forth from the storehouse of his wonderful memory the things that were written for our learning. Now with playful satire and now with impressive simplicity he writes of the sacred relationship between mother and son, and no one can fail to respond to the noble emotions which the author engenders. The book also contains two long reviews, which were well worth reprinting, of Newman's "Life" and Bernard Holland's book on the Duke of Devonshire, and there is a capital sketch of the late Mr. Labouchere, who, we are not suprised to learn, was never an intimate friend of Mr. Russell's.

I. P. N.

* "Half-Lengths." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

SWINBURNE ON DICKENS.*

Every lover of Swinburne and of Dickens will welcome this reissue of the two essays (the two naturally cohering and forming one essay) that Swinburne contributed to the *Quarterly*, and to the American edition-de-luxe of "Oliver Twist." To many who did not know him except through his poems it has seemed a little strange that Swinburne should have been such a whole-hearted admirer

* "Charles Dickens." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited, with Preface and Illustrative Notes, by T. Watts-Dunton. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

of Dickens and taken such unbounded delight in the Dickensian humour, but to those who were intimate with him there was never anything strange in it at all. Only now and then, in certain irresponsible parodies and joyously satirical trifles, does the note of humour sound in his writings but, says Mr. Watts-Dunton here, in a charming and deeply interesting preface :

> " I verily believe that few men ever lived whose temperament was more humorous than Swinburne's—I *know* that none ever could have lived whose nature was more genial—I might say, joyous. After his shattered health had become restored at 'The Pines,' the joyousness increased with advancing years, and was the most notable feature of his character. . . . It was his humour, indeed, combined with his ebullient spirits, that helped to make him the most delightful of all companions."

Mr. Watts-Dunton goes on to show how Swinburne's adoration of Dickens dated from the days of his childhood ; how, later, when a friend was ill, he " used to walk over to Wimbledon with a novel of Dickens in his pocket to comfort and amuse the invalid by reading out to him ; " and " scores of visitors to ' The Pines ' will recall that nothing awakened his anger so much as any undue disparagement of ' Boz.' "

Echoes of that anger with Dickens's detractors ring challengingly in this essay—an essay that is one of the noblest tributes ever paid by one man of genius to another. Not that the praise is indiscriminate eulogy ; Swinburne was too fine and subtle a critic for that : he puts his finger unerringly on Dickens's weaknesses of style and sentiment, but there is nothing petty or niggling in his censures, and how gladly and gloriously he lets himself go when he comes to the big things—the things that are beyond and above true criticism and that it were mere folly to do more than wonder at and be thankful for. He ranks " David Copperfield " and " Great Expectations," as the greatest of Dickens's novels ; thinks " A Tale of Two Cities " is " doubtless the most ingeniously and dramatically invented and constructed of all the master's works " ; but that in " that unequal and irregular masterpiece," *Martin Chuzzlewit*, " his comic and his tragic genius rose now and then to the very highest pitch of all." Even the fascinations of Quilp, Mr. and Miss Brass, Mr. Swiveller and the Marchioness, the charm of Mrs. Jarley and the magic of Codlin and Short cannot, he says, " mesmerise or hypnotise us into belief that ' The Old Curiosity Shop ' is in any way a good story," but he touches incisively on the qualities that nevertheless make the book a great one ; and the crudities of " Our Mutual Friend " can take nothing from his quick appreciation of Rogue Riderhood and his ecstatic joy in him : " When the genius of the immortal creator said ' Let there be Riderhood,' and there was Riderhood, a figure of coequal immortality rose reeking and skulking into sight." He revels in the humour of Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Harris and Betsey Prig, till his gratitude overflows and " we think of all this, and of more than all this, and acknowledge with infinite thanksgiving of inexhaustible laughter and of rapturous admiration the very greatest comic poet or creator that ever lived to make the life of other men more bright and more glad and more perfect than ever, without his beneficent influence, it possibly or imaginably could have been."

Any little critic can find fault ; it needs a great man to rise to such glowing and ungrudging appreciation as that. Mr. Watts-Dunton owns in his preface that he thought of omitting Swinburne's violent strictures on Matthew Arnold and Andrew Lang, but we are glad he resolved to leave them in ; for they are, as he remarks, " so characteristic of his warm, impetuous nature. In a word, they must be taken simply as boy-like expressions of Swinburne's resentment against all those who did not fully agree with him as to the transcendent excellence of Dickens." With its editor's preface and illustrative notes, the essay is at once one of the most profoundly interesting and most valuable of the countless criticisms that have been written on Dickens and his work, and Mr. Watts-Dunton has conferred a real boon upon Dickens students by reissuing it in this cheap and handy form.

A STUDY OF A GREAT SOLDIER.*

It is a daring thing for a civilian to write a book about a very great soldier within a few months of that soldier's death, whilst the memory of that soldier's campaigns is still fresh in the mind of every other military man ; yet Mr. Stanley Washburn has attempted the task, and, what is more essential still, he has succeeded.

" Nogi : A Great Man against a Background of War " is most excellently done. The professional will find nothing in it at which he can cavil—the author has been most careful not to pose as a military critic—whilst the man in the street cannot fail to be fascinated by the extremely clever study of the personality of one whom most of us had hitherto regarded merely as a terribly efficient portion of the Japanese war machine.

Mr. Washburn tells us, and proves to us, that Nogi—the general who spent a hundred thousand lives at Port Arthur—was, after all, human. He knew the Japanese commander well. He was with him during those appalling days of the siege, and again during the Moukden campaign. Nogi, calmly giving orders for the crowning horror of the assault on 203-Metre Hill, knowing that his only surviving son must be in the very front of the line, and Nogi, as a gentle old man in slippers, taking half-an-hour off duty to discuss the English translation of his poems—could any contrast be stranger ?

We are prone to look on the Japanese as a democratic nation, mainly because, as usual, its democrats form its noisy and inefficient portion. But the great man of Port Arthur was, above all things, a great aristocrat. One can picture the manner in which he would have put down a rebellion against the rule of his Emperor. Napoleon's " whiff of grapeshot " would have paled into insignificance beside his measures. He lived for Japan, and—certainly after the loss of his sons—for Japan only.

As the author says, " his own desire for life went out when his two sons were sacrificed on the altar of the nation at Nan-Shan and Port Arthur," and he adds, " his whole life was simply the personification of the duties which his ideals set before him." It is a splendid thing to say of a man, and yet, after reading Mr. Washburn's book, you feel it is perfectly true.

And he died for Japan, as truly as did any of those hundred thousand whom he " spent " at Port Arthur. It is difficult, almost impossible perhaps, for a European to analyse accurately the motives of an Oriental ; but one thing is certain : it was not sheer grief at his Emperor's death, not a desire to escape those sorrows which life might yet have in store for him, but a feeling that the sacrifice of himself might help to awaken the old idealism of Japan, which led the greatest of the latter-day Samurai—and perhaps the last of them—to commit suicide.

There is only one fault about this unusually good book—it is too short.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

THE R. L. STEVENSON ORIGINALS.†

Those who eagerly look for any additional information about Robert Louis Stevenson, and their name is legion, will be glad of this book by Miss Simpson, the sister of Sir Walter Simpson, one of Stevenson's old and tried friends from his student days, and his comrade on the famous canoeing expedition where he figured as the " Cigarette." Miss Simpson's aim was to group together and indicate the circumstances, the places, the doings and the people who came into Stevenson's life and influenced or found a place in his books, or to whom can be traced characteristics appearing in the fictitious people of the Stevenson kingdom. An interesting subject, and one capable of most fruitful and instructive handling if dealt with exhaustively. There

* " Nogi." By Stanley Washburn. 3s. 6d. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

† " The R. L. Stevenson Originals." By E. B. Simpson. 6s. net. (T. N. Foulis.)

is much in Miss Simpson's book that is already familiar—of Stevenson's remarkable father and mother, of the Manse at Colinton, of "Cummy," of the childish days and doings of aunts and illnesses, of boyhood and its literary ventures, of student life and the friends he made then, of his two earliest "originals," John Todd, the shepherd, and Robert Young, the gardener, both neighbours of his at Swanston, of Alan Breck and the Appin Murder, of a hundred and one things and folk that good Stevensonians know well by repute and hearsay. The most interesting chapters are those describing the close friends and comrades of Stevenson, his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, Ferrier, Charles Baxter, Sir Walter Simpson, who was "Athelred" in *Talk and Talkers* and the "Cigarette" of the *Inland Voyage*, and W. E. Henley. It is good to read a word of defence for Henley with regard to the unfortunate essay on Stevenson that has called forth so much wrath and distress. Miss Simpson regrets that it should have been published after Stevenson's death, but insists that it contained nothing that Henley would not have said to his friend's face.

The book is printed noticeably well, in well-chosen type, and is prettily illustrated with portraits and pictures of places. Altogether it is an attractive and pleasant volume and will give pleasure to the adorers of Stevenson, for whom indeed it is intended. For the information is rather rambling and jumbled, and presupposes a very considerable knowledge of Stevenson's life and of his writings in the mind of the reader—otherwise it would be hard to comprehend and piece together. Is it permissible to enter a protest against the habit of referring to Stevenson as "R.L.S."? It is a very common one and very disagreeable. To find these initials used everywhere, in season and out of season, as a substitute for the name is irritating and disfigures a page of print. This is not a complaint against Miss Simpson's book specially, but against this vexing trick, of which Mr. George Bernard Shaw also is a victim. One grows sick of seeing "G.B.S." and "R.L.S." quoted and referred to constantly in this curtailed and discourteous fashion. It is affectionate, and perhaps those who practise this way of writing think

"nothing is amiss
When simple love and duty tender it."

But what may pass in speech and in familiar conversation is not always in place in writing, and in type it is an ugly thing. But with this grumble we return to Miss Simpson's book, which is *not* an ugly thing, either within or without, and will be added with gratitude to many a Stevenson shelf.

F. M. A.

THE COMPLETE ENGLISH SOCIALIST.*

Mr. H. M. Hyndman is not only in these pages the complete English Socialist—advocate, judge, and lord high executioner, so that without his certificate of good character not one of us ought properly to be counted of the Socialist faith—he is also the most amazing Mark Tapley of the movement in this country. Withal he proclaims, and boisterously enough, how much in common he has with the typical, genial, healthy-minded British Philistine of the nineteenth century. Friends and foes alike are brought up for judgment before "H. M. H.", and rarely do they leave the court with reputation unblemished. For censure, scorn, and utter condemnation are distributed without fear or favour. Even for persons of good repute, and counted as the author's friends, approval is generally tempered with some kindly disparagement. Michael Davitt, for instance, "at times manifested some little self-consciousness in regard to the important part he had played" (and this from Mr. Hyndman!)

Mr. Bernard Shaw "as a playwright and satirist is doing good work of the destructive kind. Shaw as a Fabian (with him, Webb and others) is an obstructionist and reactioner of the more conservative variety."

"Meredith also was never able to resist the temptation of straining for effect, when it was wholly unnecessary for him thus to impress his intellectual brilliancy upon the men around him."

"Whistler in society was chiefly remarkable for conceit and ill nature, and he was as sordid in his view of money in relation to his own art as Meissonier." To this summing up Mr. Hyndman adds: "I never had any but pleasant intercourse with him myself, so my judgment of him as an individual is quite unprejudiced."

Of a certain American—a Socialist and a friend—we are told that he "has since earned for himself a widespread unpopularity among American Socialists by inducing them to embark in unfortunate mines."

As for the Northampton Socialists of Mr. Hyndman's own party, "they have proved themselves to be the most incompetent and provoking lot of blunderers in politics to be found from one end of Great Britain to the other."

After that we are not surprised to hear that Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., is a "smart middle-class manipulator," and that the Labour Party in the House of Commons "has become a creature of compromise and intrigue—a medley of selling out and surrender."

The dead are not allowed to escape Mr. Hyndman's assize. The late General Booth, in Mr. Hyndman's opinion, "was no more than a dexterous old charlatan, who had used religion to beguile people to their economic hurt."

W. T. Stead "was that not uncommon variety of self-conscious ascetic, a Puritan chock-full of guile, and in his way utterly unscrupulous." Only "Stead's fine end in the midst of all the muddle and mismanagement of the terrible disaster to the *Titanic* showed that below all his self-advertisement and charlatanry was a cool courage and self-sacrifice which all must admire."

Henry George is dismissed as "well-meaning but ignorant."

And so the tale of man's imperfection goes merrily on in these 500 odd pages. And Mr. Hyndman is quite cheerful and happy through it all, the incurable optimist that he is. Rejected many times for Parliament by the working-class electorate of Burnley he "ventures to predict that the day is not far distant when it will be considered rather odd" that the various gentlemen who defeated him—"not one of whom has ever said, or done, or written anything which anybody can remember, or would remember if he could—should all have been preferred to me as the Parliamentary representatives of a purely industrial constituency such as Burnley." Laying this flattering unction to his soul there is no repining over defeat.

Mr. Hyndman is now seventy-one. His seventieth birthday was celebrated with great goodwill by a large number of persons in London last year, and in spite of defections amongst his followers, and a general refusal in this country to take the British Socialist Party any more seriously than the old Social Democratic Federation was taken, the old veteran comes out as strong as ever, and has no notion of modifying or readjusting his principles to suit the times.

Whilst these "Reminiscences" are full of reproof, a few people come in for whole-hearted praise, notably Lady Warwick, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. Robert Blatchford.

And there are several good stories, too, told, as often as not, at the author's own expense.

Apart from economics and politics, Mr. Hyndman shares the average opinions in art and letters and diet, and expresses these opinions with characteristic heartiness. Ibsen is just "one of the most overrated men of our day," whose "plays bore me to death." Vegetarianism is the root of Mr. Bernard Shaw's failings in literature.

Mr. Hyndman has met a considerable number of people of importance, and has talked to them all for their good. Possibly his "Reminiscences" might have been more interesting had he occasionally listened. One thing, however, stands out clearly—a passionate insistence that the poor are robbed of the good things of life—and it is this insistence that redeems Mr. Hyndman's soliloquies from futility.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

*"Further Reminiscences." By Henry Mayers Hyndman. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

VICTORIAN VERSE.*

The splendid vista of modern English poetry afforded in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's volume reminds me of the naval pageant of 1889 following the scare of a few years earlier, and of Mr. Punch paddling his canoe down the serried ranks of warships with a complacent smile on his face, exclaiming: "Not so very bad after all." To turn the thousand pages of this admirable anthology—worthy companion of the "Oxford Book of Verse"—is both to learn and enjoy much. It bears somewhat the same relation to its fellow as the Tate Gallery does to the National, it is thoroughly representative, it is full of poignant contrasts, it aims at breadth rather than intensity, it is characteristic of a succession of poetic ideals superimposed, it is distinctive of its compiler, too, and no one but he could have so satisfactorily achieved it. Living poets are kittle folk to deal with, and it needed a Paladin of poetic nerve to assemble such a gathering under the dark blue gable. A book like this is creative, it will help to form the texture of the flag which "Victorian Verse" will fly as it drifts down the ages. It shows a remarkable contrast, too, between the Dii Majores, who exhausted all the poetic nutriment of the early period, and the dense cluster of small stars who, unabashed by the proximity of planets, illuminate the later years. In many respects of style and form it must, I think, be conceded that the 'star-matter' of the third generation greatly surpasses that of the first.

A collection which starts with "Rose Aylmer" and "Mine be a Cot," and ends with Ezra Pound and Lascelles Abercrombie, is beyond all things catholic, and catholicity is a supreme quality for such a work. Critics have said that for economy's sake the anthologist should have omitted the great gods altogether. A more ridiculous or parochial suggestion than this it seems to me impossible to conceive. The book is not for connoisseurs of minor poetry but for travellers and men of action, who come from far, or who cannot be bothered with a load of poetry, and want, in a rapid turn, to encounter the best. Sir Arthur has wisely given primacy to the primates, and has not hesitated to give "Crossing the Bar" a page to itself.

One rejoices to find not only "Tears, Idle Tears" but "Bury the Great Duke," the noblest of modern odes. Personally, I could have spared Dizzy's rival lucubration (p. 110), containing the notable line:

"In all thy actions I do find exact propriety."

There seems to me no objection to long poems by the greatest masters (another stock criticism), but the inclusion of long poems by such writers as Mangan and Ferguson seems certainly hazardous on the score of economy. "Eileen Aroon," "Dark Rosaleen," and the "Bells of Shandon" are very well, but there is much—some will assert rudely, far too much—of this tinkling guitar, Christy Minstrel type of ballad melody, recalling the sentimental ecstasies of "Wait for me at Heaven's Gate, Sweet Belle Mahone." Album-verse is pretty, and I am rather susceptible to "Funicoli Funicola," and the "ting-a-ling-a-ling" of banjo verse generally, but whether there is not rather too much of it (No 78, for instance) in the first half of this anthology, is the most serious question one has to propound to the compiler.

It is a sad pity, not attributable in any way to Sir Arthur, one feels sure, that the finest sequence of poems of his generation or mine should be totally unrepresented in this volume, noble as its proportions are. Forbidden fruit, I suppose, and, like all forbidden fruit, subacid, but delicious. One could easily sacrifice a good many of these rhymes about the Bosphorus, relevant though they may seem to the politics of the hours, for

"In summert'me on Breydon
The bells they sound so clear;"

for that is somehow the poetry of the native-born. Or, again—

"What thoughts at heart have you and I
We cannot stop to tell;
But dead or living, drunk or dry,
Soldier, I wish you well."

* "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse." Chosen by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 6s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

Social and other difficulties arise in a compilation of this sort; then there are the impossible loyalties to poems one has ranted in the long ago, and the like. These impede a free choice. Everyone has his idiosyncrasies and taboos—think of Jeffrey, the greatest critic of 1830, when these elegant extracts begin, compiling an anthology of the period 1780–1830! I have made incisive notes without number. Why so much female verse—Christina, Elizabeth Barrett, George Eliot, "Baby's Kiss!" Halleck, etc., etc.—Why? "The North Easter," "Wreck of the Hesperus," "Armada," Swinburne's "Hounds of Spring" chorus, Scawen Blunt's "Chanctonbury Ring," Collins's "Maidenhead Thicket," Trench's "Almond Tree"—Why for no? There is little point in dilating on this inevitable divergence of cupidities, though I hope someone will agree with me that Sir Arthur's selections in Kingsley and Longfellow are the reverse of happy!

But, to be short, it is the selection as a whole with which we are concerned, and of the opulence of that it is really hard to get an idea (imagine the whole of "The Forsaken Merman," "Thyrsis," "The Scholar Gipsy," "Love in the Valley," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Swinburne's "Hymn to Proserpine," "The Blessed Damozel," together with sonnets hard to come at, such as "Letty," and the best ballads, lyrics and sonnets of Yeats, Belloc, Kipling, Davies, Cory, Newbolt, Lionel Johnson and fifty others!) without turning and tasting every page of this priceless six shillingsworth.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A CITY OF GHOSTS.*

I have only one fault to find with Mr. Wilfred Whitten's book: it makes me feel so dreadfully old. For, though I am a younger man than Mr. Whitten, my memories of

*"A Londoner's London." By Wilfred Whitten. Illustrated by Frank L. Emanuel. 6s. (Methuen.)

Booksellers' Row.
From "A Londoner's London," by Wilfred Whitten (Methuen).

London extend further back into the past. He can recall how, in 1886:

"Hampstead Heath was the beginning of the country, as it has now no claim to be the end of the town. Itself a 'garden city,' it is being encircled by jerry-built suburbs and planetary tram-cars. I knew Parliament Hill as a place of hedges and hay-making and trespass-boards. Now it is a park—an open one—but still a park, and the boys who play cricket on it were not born when I walked over its solitudes on moonlight nights, gazing at the far-off silvered dome of St. Paul's."

But I can recall an earlier Parliament Hill than that. I can remember when prize-fights and dog-fights and cock-mains were fought in a certain triangular meadow abutting on the deep cutting of the North London Railway, and sheltered from too familiar observation by thick hedges of wild rose and hawthorn. I can remember when the old wooden bar blocked the entrance to Fleet Road, and when all that region north of Mansfield Road—where now lives a population of a quarter of a million—was a tumbled wilderness of bricky fields, through which the old Fleet River meandered, and where on Sundays labouring men went to snare birds and to course their dogs. I can remember when there were rabbits in the sand-pits beyond the Spaniards Road, and primroses and bluebells were common as dandelions in Highgate Woods. Many other things do I remember which Mr. Whitten came too late to London to see for himself; for he came only just in the nick of time to see anything of that wild rusticity. A year or two later and he would have missed it all. For even at the time of the first Jubilee great changes had taken place in the aspect of these northern heights, and where I had once gone blackberrying as a boy the jerry-builder was begining to lay waste the land.

Mr. Whitten seems to see London as a city of ghosts. And the thought occurs to me that very likely most men who beheld London for the first time with the eyes of visionary youth do see it in that dreamy half-light: its streets peopled with shades of the great departed, its dim nooks and corners haunted by the spirits of the mighty dead, its misty vistas faintly luminous with the light of other days, its dingy courts and shabby old houses made glorious by quaint or precious, noble or picturesque associations.

In this beautiful, wonderful book of Mr. Whitten's there is not one page that does not reveal some new phase of London to at least one Londoner. I know all the scenes our author describes, but now that I have read his description of them I realise that I have known only their outward seeming, after all, and that their inner meaning has somehow escaped me. Of course there are as many ways of looking at London as there are people to look at it. Moreover, there are so many different Londons, as Mr. Whitten is quick to perceive; for in his preface he says:

"I delay to begin only to explain that the London of these pages is not the measureless town of the guide-books; that London on which a hundred and fifty years ago Horace Walpole began a book, only to faint and fail; that London which, still earlier, had been called a county covered with houses, a description which has passed from metaphor to fact. The Londoner's true London is smaller. It is the sum of his own tracks in the maze, the town in which, by hap, he has most often eaten his bread and thought his thoughts. Samuel Butler remarks in his published note-books that he was more in Fetter Lane than in any other street of London, and that Lincoln's Inn Fields, the British Museum, the Strand, Fleet Street, and the Embankment came next. This is a very small London, to which my own adds the City, the northern suburbs, and those more national regions of Westminster and the Parks which may be called Everyman's. Although the reader's intimacies and my own will not be identical, they will generously overlap. . . . While my limiting clue has been some sort of preference or eager frequenting, I have not tried to exhaust the associations of any street or district, being satisfied to follow those great scribes who, when their subject overflowed, passed on with the useful remark that all the rest is in the book of Jasher, or in the book of Iddo the seer concerning genealogies."

This last is a cryptic saying, but if it means that Mr. Whitten knows as much more about his London as he tells us in this book then I sit dumbfounded, flabbergasted, at the immensity and profundity of his erudition, as I sit enraptured and charmed by the simple beauty of his English.

In a book of this kind it is particularly difficult to steer clear of the Charybdis of mere repetition whilst at the same time avoiding the Scylla of journalese. But Mr. Whitten rises superior to these difficulties. Indeed, he seems to exult in them. One could imagine—if the book were not something vastly better—that it had been written in order to show how such a book may be written by one who knows the right use of words, how to make them march and to sing as they march, how to make them dance and to glow as they dance, how to reflect in their stately cadences the tones and colours of great music and great painting. For, above all things, is Mr. Whitten a supreme literary artist.

Therefore I venture to commiserate with him on the sad bad error in grammar—which is obviously not his fault—on page 30; and, whilst I am in this carping vein, to question whether he is right in saying that Russell Square is the largest square in London. I think Vincent Square is larger.

EDWIN PUGH.

MORE WAR BOOKS.*

As long ago as the South African war it was clear to many people that the day of the war correspondent was over and his sun gone down amid the cloudy frowns of generals. It was even clearer in the Russo-Japanese campaign, and Tripoli was a mere emphasising of the fact. Yet when Bulgaria prepared in October last for her blow against Turkey there were over eighty special correspondents who secured passes at Sofia and submitted themselves to the censorship, besides those who accompanied the Servians, the Montenegrins, the Greeks and the Turks. Among those who took the field in Thrace with the Turks was Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, who represented the majesty and volume of the *Daily Telegraph*, and furnished in his methods and their results a sufficient rejoinder to those who would say that war-corresponding is no more, a trade trodden under in the progress of military science and organisation.

"With the Turks in Thrace" (Heinemann) is the record of his experiences and successes, beginning with the decisive battle of Lule Burgas and ending with certain of the operations before the Chataldja lines when the armistice was already imminent. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is not one of those men who look upon copious equipment as an obstacle to efficiency. Before leaving Constantinople he had worked out the conditions under which he would have to campaign to the last foreseeable emergency, and in the end he took the field in a manner worthy of Mr. Kipling's Nilghai. He shared with Mr. Donohoe, of the *Daily Chronicle*, a motor car which cost them £700.

"I had two rides in it," he relates, "and Donohoe two also, and as the price paid for these rides was over £700, they were the most expensive journeys we had ever taken, or ever wish to take."

The car was eventually left at Rodosto, where it disappeared, never to be heard of again; but before it vanished it had made possible the great dispatches in which the story of Lule Burgas was told to the readers of the *Chronicle* and the *Telegraph*. Two months' provisions and various horses also went to complete Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's arrangements, and besides a chauffeur, a dragoman and others, he was accompanied and assisted by his brother, Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett, whose excellent photographs are a feature of the book.

There will always be a part in warfare for chroniclers of the calibre of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. To great energy and a supreme knowledge of the needs and limitations of his newspaper he joins discretion and that honesty which is the first quality of a great correspondent. His story of

* "With the Turks in Thrace." By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
"A War Photographer in Thrace." By Herbert E. Baldwin. 5s. net. (Unwin.)
"Letters from the Near East." By Maurice Baring. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

how the news of Lule Burgas was secured and sent away must ever rank high in the history of war-journalism. To get to the front was not easy: to get back to Constantinople was exceedingly difficult. Thence he had to smuggle himself away by steamer to Constanza, in Roumania, where there was no censorship and he was free to wire unvarnished truth and the whole of it. From midday on a Monday, through Tuesday, and for two further hours on the Wednesday he worked at his typewriter, pouring the sheets as they were finished through the cable to Fleet Street. How many words were there, and what did they cost? He does not say, and when a news cable of such worth is in question it does not matter. He shared with Mr. Donohoe the chief success of the campaign, and his book, in which Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett has collaborated, is a monument worthy of his labours.

Mr. H. F. Baldwin represented the Central News as a photographer, and it is natural that his book, "A War Photographer in Thrace" (Fisher Unwin), should be specially excellent in regard to its illustrations. His photographs have the brisk momentary quality which photographs must have if they are to express reality. His "Refugee Women," for example, are not lined up in face of the camera, but trudging wretchedly past through the Thracian mud; and his picture of the retreat from Lule Burgas, which furnishes the book with a frontispiece, is one of the finest war photographs I have seen. A really striking illustration is entitled "Beaten." It shows a Turkish infantryman labouring over an empty road, his rifle slung across his shoulders, his middle-aged, bowed and bewildered face expressing all the weariness and humiliation of defeat. It has that quality of a picture which photographers strive for and so rarely get, and is the more remarkable in a photograph taken and developed under difficulties such as Mr. Baldwin had to contend with.

In "Letters from the Near East" (Smith, Elder & Co.) Mr. Maurice Baring republishes nine articles from the *Morning Post* and *The Times*, of which five were written in 1909 and the remaining four in 1912, when the events of the earlier year were bearing their strange but inevitable proof. In a preface he explains that he first visited Constantinople in April, 1909, when the credit of the Young Turks was at its zenith. He came with a blank mind and was snared into enthusiasm over the new regime. It was then that he wrote of the Young Turks: "they are now the only hope of salvation for the country; the only element which deserves the encouragement and support of Europe." From that standpoint he declined along the slope of "a gradual disillusionment." On May 19th he is asking: "How can progress and Islam be combined?" On June 21st he says of certain Young Turk doings that "such acts savour more of despotism than of liberty." His disillusionment, therefore, was not so gradual after all. The four final letters are written in the light of the war, and the last is a vivid picture of the cholera at San Stefano.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE DRAMATIC HOT-GOSPELLER.*

Mr. H. A. Jones' latest jeremiad dealing with the current dramatic situation, quite unconsciously impels me to remember a little essay by Sarcey on "The Decadence of The Theatre." One day the French feuilletonist picked up in the Salle St. Sylvestre a series of brochures, all of which were devoted to this burning subject. They dated respectively, 1768, 1771, 1807, 1828, 1841, 1842, 1847, 1860, 1866, 1871, 1876 and 1880—so that evidently the French drama had been in a healthy state of decay for over one hundred years. The reflection is apropos because the title of the last-named brochure summarises the purpose of the present volume, which is "How to Save the Drama." Mr. Jones may fairly claim to be the only missioner who, for the past sixteen years, has consistently preached the way of salvation to the dramatically moribund. I say so advisedly, because his practice has been otherwise—he is too good a man of business and too expert a dramatic technician to allow his theatrical Quixotism to deprive English and American audiences of his vastly entertaining plays. It is quite by the way that he seems unable to do the fullest justice to the manifestations of modern drama as exhibited, let us say, in the works of Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, John Masefield, and the examples of the Irish Literary Theatre, which surely deserve greater recognition than they get. That omission may, of course, be necessary to the proper conduct of his arguments. Here and there one catches the rhetorical swing of the author who wrote one of the finest soliloquies ever presented on the stage—I refer to the hero's vision in that best of melodramas, "The Silver King"—and here and there, we recapture the rapture of the visionary as exhibited in the author's own masterpiece, "Michael and His Lost Angel." Indeed, the trouble that troubles Mr. Jones seems to be pretty well of the same nature that came to St. Paul (quoted on p. 183) "That which I do, I allow not: for what I would, I do not, but what I hate, that do I."

It is only fair to state that these pages comprise a collection of lectures, essays and speeches written during a period of sixteen years, and that will explain why a good many of the themes dealt with are repeated *ad tedium*. One of the objections of the author seems to be that none of our present plays possess merit enough to take a permanent place in English literature. I take leave to traverse that statement, and claim that going no further afield than among the work of the authors I have mentioned, we have a fair nucleus for a literary English drama, that is, if it be admitted that a literary drama is one of the essential equipments of a progressive nation. The initial mistake that most dramatic students make is in conceiving that what is really a closet play, or to give it its proper title, a non-commercial play, is necessarily a literary play. The supreme test of a play is public presentation—if a playwright succeeds in representing a given portion of human life to an audience, with all the illusions of truth, then conceivably the author has attained his purpose. The question whether it is literary drama may safely be left to posterity. Molière achieved that standard because he built his observation on the bedrock of human nature and, because the truths he exposed were universally applicable, his drama is litera ture. Where the literary man so frequently fails is in imagining that the presentation of acute psychology will ever appeal to the theatre crowd, who, precisely because they are a crowd, demand the broad basic human passions.

But what, one may well ask, are the foundation-stones upon which the author will lay his National Theatre? According to Mr. Jones there are nine points to be considered, if we are to have an English drama. We must distinguish and separate our drama from popular amusement. This might just as easily be said of English literature as distinguished from popular reading, so there is little to be looked forward to upon that plea. The second point is that we must institute a national or repertory theatre where high and severe literary and artistic standards must be set. Such a system takes no account of the failure of the *Comédie Française* as a National Theatre, nor does it make any theatrical provision for the thirty million provincials who presumably must trudge to London if they would be saved dramatically; least of all does it take account of the fact that no amount of recommendation from literary doctors will ever make an audience like a play they dislike. The third point is to insure that the dramatist shall be recognised and rewarded when and in so far as he has painted life and character, and not when he has so far merely tickled and bemused the populace. It is difficult to gauge what the public want, and such a reward might be useful; but if the dramatist is incapable of appealing to the public, is not this a method of raising false hopes and sowing keen disappointments? The fourth aim of the author is to bring our acted drama again into living relation with English literature, and to bring about a general habit of reading plays such as prevails in France. The only method

* "The Foundations of a National Drama." By Henry Arthur Jones. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

of producing the first result is to produce dramatic literature, an aim which obsesses a good many of our dramatic authors, and which has already borne fruit, judging by the increasing output of printed dramas. A fifth exordium implores us to inform the drama with a broad, sane and profound morality—a purpose with which everyone will immediately agree. The vapid indecencies of popular farce and musical comedy are as much to be deprecated as the present craze for the apotheosis of the crook, as in "Raffles," "Ready Money," "Officer 666," and "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." Exigencies of space do not permit of our dealing at length with the remaining four corner-stones of National Drama, such as adequate training of actors and actresses, the system of long runs, the saving of the artistic play and establishing the Drama as a fine art. Surely there is little need for Mr. Jones to leave it to the grave and solid judgment of England. Already something has been done and is being done towards the foundation of our much-abused Drama. In Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham and elsewhere, Repertory Theatres have sprung up. To-day, in London, the public refuse to bow any longer at the feet of the Star, and demand instead a play of real human interest, with the result that the actor manager has been driven occasionally, in his despair, to the music-hall stage. As for acting, the standard was never higher than it is at present. And I, for one, refuse to be depressed, Mr. Jones, with so many eager, promising dramatists about and the present rapidly advancing public taste in dramatic art.

ROBB LAWSON.

KNOWLEDGE À LA CARTE.*

For keeping one's humility in repair there is nothing more effective than to run through half a score of the "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature." These dainty twelvepennyworths of knowledge make one realise the vast range of things one does not know. At first sight it would appear rather a sensible thing to attack the realm of knowledge province by province. But in actual practice the process is found to be somewhat jolting. There are wiser ways of mastering a language than by learning the dictionary. Still only a reviewer is called upon to face the music of the whole sixty volumes of the series, and even he has them mercifully split up into doses of ten at a time. The ordinary reader will, of course, pick and choose. He will use the series as he uses the dictionary: he will select only one or two matters at a time, and will be grateful to discerning editors who arrange knowledge in such a form as to permit of perfect freedom of choice.

The purpose of the series is to supply information on particular subjects from the pens of reliable authorities on those subjects. The books aim at being at once popular and either scientific or scholarly according to the subject. The degree in which they combine the two aims is the measure of their success. They must be so written that the plain man who has no other qualification than a good general education may read them with both interest and profit. In most cases the writers must not expect a special background against which to project their material: they must supply their own background. In certain cases a more or less special previous knowledge may be legitimately assumed. Thus, in the volume on "The Physical Basis of Music" Mr. A. Wood obviously expects to be backed up by a certain knowledge of and interest in music as such. Only readers who satisfy this condition can be reasonably supposed to desire to read the book. The work is mainly mathematical, no doubt, but the treatment has always a clear reference to things that concern music. The unmusical reader should be warned off this volume, just as the musical reader may be confidently recommended to master it.

The same cannot be said for the volume on "Ancient Babylonia." The student who knows enough about this subject to appreciate this book would probably desire something more technical, while the plain man who has only a general interest in the subject will find that the treatment is too technical to have much attraction for him. It is at least doubtful whether it is possible to treat such a subject popularly in a volume of 132 small pages. All that can be given is a summary, and even the learned author of this volume cannot make a summary live. "The Vikings" volume suffers to some extent in the same way, but since the field is narrower, and the matters dealt with are more within the range of the ordinary Englishman's experience, this book has been made much more attractive to the general reader. The same considerations apply to a still greater degree in the case of "The Icelandic Sagas," where Mr. Craigie has been able, without any loss of thoroughness, to present his matter in such a way as to attract as well as to instruct. An excellent subject for the style of treatment adopted in this series is "Ancient Stained and Painted Glass." In this volume Mr. Eden takes nothing for granted at the beginning beyond a knowledge of geography and a familiarity with the general appearance of churches and cathedrals. No doubt as he proceeds he has to assume a knowledge of certain details of architecture, but these details are introduced piecemeal, and are such as can be mastered by a reference to any good dictionary. A reader has no right to object to having to look up the meaning of a few terms: but he has a right to resent in a book an atmosphere so foreign to all his ordinary reading as to make it impossible for him to find his bearings at all.

When we come to the two volumes "The Earth" and "The Atmosphere" we again find an appeal to the plain man with no specialty. Both of these begin at the beginning. No doubt the volume on the Earth, since it concerns itself with its size, shape, weight and spin, has to demand some knowledge of mathematics, but the demand is not exorbitant, and the treatment is quite within the range of the ordinary intelligence. In dealing with the atmosphere Mr. Berry wisely adopts the historical method with the result that the plain man can follow the lines along which his predecessors passed in their pursuit of the knowledge we now possess. The last chapter in this volume is of special interest from the skill with which the present, the past and the future of the atmosphere are correlated.

"The Modern Warship" is treated in a way that tends rather to damp the impression of the man in the street that he could at a pinch take command of the Channel Fleet. Mr. Attwood tells us much that most of us can understand, and puts us right on a great many points on which we thought we knew the truth. The volume that most resembles the old-fashioned type of information books is Mr. T. B. Wood's "The Story of a Loaf of Bread." It recalls a kind of lesson that used to be popular in our elementary schools, and that in competent hands always greatly interested the youngsters. Those who feel attracted by this subject will find themselves excellently treated at the hands of Mr. Wood.

In Dr. Jevons' "Comparative Religion" we have an example of an excellent subject admirably treated from the point of view of this series. He carries his learning lightly, but is able to interest without the slightest loss of solidity. Only very rarely does he dally with philosophical refinements that no plain man can be expected to understand. For the rest he gives such a clear and convincing statement of matters in themselves obscure as cannot fail to win the gratitude of his readers.

JOHN ADAMS.

* "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature":—"Ancient Babylonia," by C. H. W. Johns; "The Earth," by J. H. Poynting; "The Atmosphere," by A. J. Berry; "Icelandic Sagas," by W. A. Craigie; "Physical Basis of Music," by A. Wood; "The Modern Warship," by E. L. Attwood; "Comparative Religion," by F. B. Jevons; "The Story of a Loaf of Bread," by T. B. Wood; "Ancient Stained and Painted Glass," by F. S. Eden; "The Vikings," by A. Mawer. 1s. net each.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.*

If you want to form an accurate idea of the great changes that have come over London and its people in the last two hundred years or so you should go to the novelists—they have been, and are, London's truest and most fascinating historians. London and the Londoners as you find them in the pages of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Disraeli, are as unlike the London and Londoners that Fanny Burney, Fielding and Defoe knew as they are unlike the London, and the Londoners that live in the pages of H. G. Wells, Arthur Morrison, E. F. Benson, Pett Ridge, Edwin Pugh, and other of the numerous living novelists who find in London's motley world the scenes and characters of their stories. It is not only that sedan chairs, coaches, debtors' prisons, the pillory, public executions, and other such picturesque details have passed away; the topography of the town has altered almost beyond recognition, and the habits, manners, speech, the spiritual and material outlook of the Londoner have undergone such wonderful developments that he is as a new man living in a new London. The great novels of Gissing are the strongest links between Dickens and our own time. Something of the London that Dickens and Trollope knew and much of Gissing's London survives, of course, in the novels of to-day, but only as the superficial likeness ot an ancestor may survive in a descendant.

Here are six new stories about London that will bring this home to you, if you are at all familiar with those novelists of the past: they deal mainly with the lives of the middle and lower classes; the only glimpses of upper-class life that are given to you are in Keble Howard's "London Voices," and in Morley Roberts's mingling of fantasy and realism, "Gloomy Fanny." Certain aspects of London's underworld, and of the lives and characters of its clerks, male and female, and its workmen and small shopkeepers, have never been more sympathetically or more faithfully presented than they are by Pett Ridge, and there are tales in "Mixed Grill" that for their humour and pathos and their insight into character will compare with the best of his work. Always his stories are coloured with his own temperament; like Whistler, he shows you London, not as you would see it in a photograph, but as he sees it himself, touches of kindliness and humour lending a relief of light and laughter to its dark places, a glamour of romance making its misery and ugliness beautiful. He has never done anything finer than "The Wonderful Start," that compresses a life-history into a few poignant pages of "Mixed Grill" with the vividest and most exquisite art. In Marjory Hardcastle's "Halfpenny Alley" you have eighteen admirably realistic studies of life among the poorest of the poor in South London. Miss Hardcastle worked as a nurse for six years amidst the people she has pictured, and the women, and particularly the children, of her alley are as veritably human creatures as were ever clothed in printed words. They are quaint, they are now and then unpleasant, they are amusing, but they are drawn with such sympathy that even your laughter at their oddities is mingled with a sense of pity that the burdens they bear so cheerfully should be so heavy, the narrow lives in which they contrive to be happy so squalid. Miss Hardcastle's work is of more value to the social reformer than blue-books and statistics are, because it reveals the inner as well as the outer condition of the people, and makes you interested in them, not as economic problems but as human beings.

The same might be said of "Punch and Judy," but Edwin Pugh works on a larger scale and with a more cunning artistry. The critics, I believe, did ample justice to "A Man of Straw," "Tony Drum," and other of his novels, but I doubt if even yet the general public has given him half the recognition that is certainly his due. A Londoner born, he writes of London from an intimate inside acquaintance with it, and if his sombrely powerful stories have hints of bitterness and cynicism in them, there is an abounding kindliness, tolerance, charity, and a fund of sparkling humour in them too, a charming understanding of the nature of children, and an almost terribly sensitive feeling for the sadness and pathos underlying the happiness of the very poor. Soho is a natural home of romance, take it how you will, and into this shabby, squalid, glamorous Soho Mr. Pugh takes his hero, Crispin Pix, and settles him in two rooms on the second-floor of a house full of lodgers, there to work and win, if possible, wealth and fame as a composer of music. While Fame delays, Love comes to him there, and Life in various guises, and many adventures. The girl Una, with all her faults, is a fine character very finely drawn; one can realise the fascination she had for such a man as Crispin, and is disposed to regret that she loved him well enough to send him from her to the girl of his own class who loved him and could make his life better, where Una would have ruined it. The foreign element of Soho is reproduced with remarkable skill; the characters having parts in the story are numerous and varied, and each one is sharply defined and has his or her own marked individuality. A good many readers will suspect that the daringly paradoxical author, Bartholomew Dale, genial, shrewd, fantastic, hugely stout, is modelled on a famous living original, and that his conversation should glitter with epigrams and parodoxical utterances of which that original would have no need to be ashamed is one of Mr. Pugh's triumphs.

Only one of the three stories in Morley Roberts's "Gloomy Fanny" is a London story, but that is the one that fills more than half the book to which it gives its name. "Fanny" is a man; he is, moreover, a member of the peerage. A disappointment in love has thrown him into a melancholy, gloomy humour, and certain frivolous friends of his scheme to pique him into a wager that he dare not leave his club with only a shilling in his pocket and live by the work of his hands for one week in Whitechapel. "Fanny" resentfully takes up the challenge, and the resulting story is conceived and written in the lightest, most whimsical spirit of burlesque. The Whitechapel surroundings, the shop in which "Fanny" gets employment and the people he comes in contact with, are thoroughly realistic; but the tale is sheer farce, edged with romance. It is a capital extravaganza, broadly funny and delightfully amusing. "A Little World" is equally entertaining, though it is a slice of real life cut from the suburbs of London. Lime Tree Gardens is a row of small suburban houses, each of which has a high-sounding name instead of a number; it is a typical suburban street, and the people in it are the actors in Arnold Golsworthy's comedy. The pretentious ambitions and small snobberies of the place are revealed minutely, truthfully, with quiet irony and occasionally mordant sarcasm, and the effects of this snobbery on the character of pretty Mary Delland, who was so eager to get into the pettily genteel circles that had looked down on her because her father was in trade, are traced unflinchingly, but sympathetically, to a conclusion that would have been entirely disastrous but for the chivalrous love of the crippled author, John Hacker, who brings a breath of idealism into Mary's broken romance and makes an idyllic close possible. Mary's father and mother, a simple, honestly vulgar pair, loving her, and keen on her social advancement, are drawn with no little insight. Everybody who has sojourned in the suburbs will recognize the truth of Mr. Golsworthy's pictures of certain types of suburban resident and the lives they live.

"London Voices" contains eight series of those crisp and airily witty dialogues in the writing of which Keble Howard is always peculiarly happy. He gives you, through this medium of flippant, easy, natural conversation, little sketches of how love is made in high life between Lord Bobby and a girl who is lunching with him at the Ritz; between an average suburban man and girl at Finchley;

* "Mixed Grill." By W. Pett Ridge. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"Halfpenny Alley." By Majory Hardcastle. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder).
"Punch and Judy." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall).
"Gloomy Fanny." By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)
"A Little World." By Arnold Golsworthy. 6s. (George Allen.)
"London Voices." By Keble Howard. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

and a low-life Cockney and his "donah" in the East-End; between the same classes of lovers in a taxi, in a railway train, and on a bus. In like manner he presents you with all sorts and conditions of Londoners talking together under every variety of circumstance—about business, pleasure, domestic or public affairs, passing opinions on the hundred and one little current problems, incidents, events, ideas and experiences that make up the everyday lives of most of us. Here and there are touches of a pathos that is more suggested than spoken, and whose effect lies in its delicate elusiveness; but the keynote of the dialogues is humour—a gay, whimsical, irresistible humour—that is half cynical at times and at times wilfully irresponsible, but invariably good-humoured and delightfully entertaining. Moreover, there is a deeper knowledge of life and of human character behind Mr. Howard's light flippancies than you shall find in most work that makes serious pretence to those qualities. It is a brilliantly clever book, whose laughter, like Touchstone's, has a world of meaning in it.

D. F. R.

A TALE OF TWO INTERESTS.*

Considering the opportunities that actors have for giving us the sharp and vivid reflex of the lighter aspects of our age, it is singular how slender is the dramatic contribution to our shelves of memoirs, much less of permanent biography and history. Success in the higher walks of the stage connotes possession of certain obvious gifts of observation and presentiment that ought to be of the highest service in descriptive literature; and the acting profession shows in a thousand ways how steady a touch it keeps upon the pulse of society. Few men have had a closer association with many interests at once than Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and it is small wonder, therefore, that his recollections are well above the dramatic average.

His father was a well-known writer for the Press, his brother was a shining light at the Savoy and on the monologue platform, and our author himself has a marked proficiency with the brush. We get examples in this book of his powers of portraiture, and they compare well with Mr. Forbes Robertson's more famous paintings of Phelps and old Lyceum triumphs. These popular painter-players have another bond in common; they both came into fame as colleagues of Henry Irving, and many of the best of Mr. Grossmith's stories hang upon the great man's eccentricities. The chief of these anecdotes, however, show that he shrank from the criticism of mimicry, and when Mr. Grossmith caricatured Irving on his own stage, he earned a curt rebuke. It might have led to rupture if tact had not come to the rescue, and Mr. Grossmith had not put the rehearsal in the way of success. The success was that of "Robert Macaire," and since that rattling play made the Lyceum rafters ring, Mr. Grossmith has filled many parts. But the higher he mounted in popular favour as a character artist, the less material he seems to have found for giving character to this work. It is a tribute to the heyday of the old Lyceum, set in a framework of recollections of the double interest conveyed in the title. Here it rarely rises above the level of a "conversation" book, and while it gives us capital chapters on the Savage Club and other institutions, it hardly does justice to Mr. Grossmith's own sterling and salient individuality.

* "From Studio to Stage." By Weedon Grossmith. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

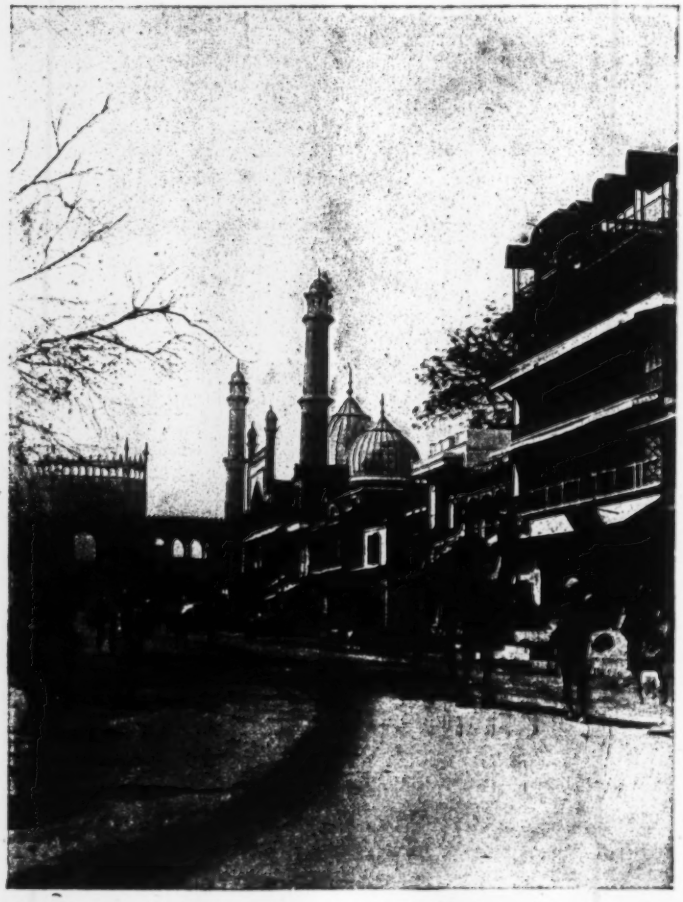


Photo by Hoffmann, Calcutta.

Street Scene, Delhi, with view of the great Mosque.

From "The Empire of India" (Pitman).

PROBLEMS OF IMPERIALISM.*

Of all the volumes in the All Red series this must have been by far the most difficult (as it was also, probably, the most interesting) to write. Sir Bampfylde Fuller's qualifications for the task which he has so ably carried out will be familiar to most people, and if, here and there, one seems to detect traces of the retired Indian Civilian, these traces are but few in number, and the book is written in a broad, generous and liberal spirit which goes far, in itself, towards explaining the general success of our administration in the Indian Empire. The range of subjects covered is extraordinarily wide. Part I., dealing with the country, gives a good survey of its physical aspects, of its natural history, of that agriculture which is the very life-blood of the Indian peoples, of the famines which periodically devastate the country and of the measures taken to combat them, as well as an account of Indian manufactures and commerce. To the general reader the Second Part, which describes the people, will undoubtedly be the more interesting. One does not readily tire of reading about the many races and castes by which the people as a whole are so sharply divided, of their manner of life, of their religious beliefs and observations and of the effect upon them of English education. To this vitally important question of education Sir Bampfylde Fuller pays considerable attention, and references to it are to be found in many places outside the excellent chapter specifically allotted to it. Nothing better shows how much remains to be done than his words: "When we come to enquire how far the new learning has generally modified Indian

* "The Empire of India." By Sir Bampfylde Fuller. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman & Sons.)

views or conduct, we are surprised to find how small has been the change, compared with that which Western knowledge has brought about in Japan within the space of a generation, or has effected within the small Parsi community." Sir Bampfylde Fuller, however, appears to derive some hope from the recognition by the Government of the dangers of the grant-in-aid policy and from its determination to accept a larger responsibility in future for the direct provision of education in institutions of its own, and he points to the growing opinion that Universities should be more numerous, smaller in size, and concerned with teaching as well as with examining; that a higher standard should be set to provide institutions by the maintenance by Government of more colleges and schools; and that the habits of good conduct should be more effectually instilled by the students being removed from outside influences and being lodged under supervision in hostels or boarding-houses. The two concluding parts of the book are devoted to "The Government" and to "Future Prospects" respectively. The latter, in particular, is worth careful consideration, and, if his statement that the British rule "may, without exaggeration, be described as unpopular," his forecast of what would happen in India if that rule were withdrawn should spur on all those who are in any way actively concerned to even greater efforts than they have made in the past.

"STELLA MARIS."*

We all love fairy tales, provided they are adapted to our years. Whether it is more difficult to write them for a youthful or for a sophisticated audience is an arguable point. At any rate, the old are less easy to please, for they want to be made to forget their knowledge of life and yet to feel that they are not entirely out of touch with its grimmer realities. Fairy princes, sleeping beauties, witches with malevolent designs must adopt the masquerade of every day costume before they can win the suffrages of age. But in the guise of modern Quixotes, who love unselfishly, and child-women innocent of guile or reckless in devotion, heroes and heroines may still prove acceptable, especially if crime fills the rôle of bad fairy. Fantasy and sentiment can be as potent dealers in magic as youth's make-believe; chivalry can lead to as strange adventures as any enchanted robe, the ugly features of civilisation can be as effective a background for romance as any giant's castle that ever set the hair of a youngster on end with delighted terror. It is Mr. W. J. Locke's happy gift to be able to invent fairy tales which fascinate the grown-up reader. Graces of style, the adornments of scholarship, an allusiveness eloquent of wide acquaintance with the arts and good literature, irony which betrays the experienced and critical observer are, in this novelist's case, combined with a view of life that is consistently poetical. His eyes are fastened on the heroic aspects of humanity and refuse to allow more than a subordinate place to its views. His men are quixotic alike in love and friendship. Sentiment sways their actions and determines their resolves. Says one of the rival heroes of his newest story, "This affectation of despising sentiment makes me sick," and he sings loudly the virtues and the achievements of the contemned thing.

Walter Herold lives up to his profession of faith and, for the matter of that, so does John Risca, the journalist friend whom he rebukes. Both men let their lives be shaped by a little bed-ridden girl to whom they pay fervent homage. A David and a Jonathan such as they are, rivals in love and service to their invalid lady, and rivals also in all the generosities of friendship, would of themselves lend a romantic tenderness to the novel in which they figure. But the goddess of their cult, the titular character of "Stella Maris" is an even more attractive creation. Condemned throughout her girlhood to lie on her back watching sea and weather from her room, which has a Channel prospect, Stella Blount rules her tiny court with a sweetness of temper never marred by complaints of her imprisonment, and seemingly incurable state, and responds instinctively to her atmosphere of affection. In her we have a veritable fairy princess, indeed, a sleeping beauty, for, doomed as she appears to be to lifelong exile from the life of actuality, John Risca and her housemates have encouraged her to believe that all the virtues reign triumphant over earth, and that sin is an anachronism. Hence the tragedy of her recovery. Mr. Locke, by the way, rather strains our willingness to be credulous when he asks us to suppose that a victim of spinal disease, such as is Stella, would, thanks to the sea-breezes which blow in through her windows, develop her so that she is as normal in physique as other women, and much more lovely and prettily shaped than most when she is cured. But his story would not be a fairy tale if she were fretful or deformed, or if John and Walter, the actor and the journalist, did not both fall captives of her beauty. As a princess, it is not wonderful that she grants her love almost unasked, and bestows it on that sturdy fighter against odds, John Risca, whom she has endowed with the title of "Lord High Belovedest." But Risca has a vulgar wife from whom he had parted long before she shames him by being concerned in a cruelty charge. The woman has maltreated a little orphan, Unity Blake, and when she is sent to prison, Risca, like more than one of Mr. Locke's heroes, takes on the duties of a guardian and adopts the child as his ward. His wife it is who puts the finishing touch to Stella Maris's disillusionments with the world. Stella has already made woeful discoveries as to the amount of sorrow and wrongdoing that prevail outside her paradise; but when this convict woman claims John as her husband and weaves a tissue of lies round him and his ward, her whole universe seems to come down with a crash. Nay, more, she is caught into a very riot of melodrama, and only after she has had time to forget scenes of murder and suicide is her faith in her kind restored. Then it is to the "Lord High Favourite," Walter Herold, her lifelong confidant, and the one man who can enter into her whimsies, that she gives her heart. Her change of allegiance is dexterously managed, and the novelist contrives to divide our affections pretty impartially between her suitors, both of them impulsive idealists, but differentiated with the nicest art. Unity, too, who tries to cut the knot of her guardian's troubles, is picturesquely if melodramatically conceived. But Stella's portrait is the triumph of the novel. It is an ideal or idealised portrait, but Mr. Locke has lavished upon it all the wealth of his charming fancy.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "Stella Maris." By William J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.*

Of late years a good many writers have tried their hands at the Carol, not always with success. It is as difficult to recapture the heavenly simplicity of the ages of faith as it is to catch the spirit of one of the early Italian painters. Here is a poet who has succeeded. There is a beautiful simplicity, an adoring awe, in these little poems that make the book as precious as it is small. Purity, reverence, intimacy, join to make "Agnus Dei" a holy thing among the masses of books that come tumbling from the printing-presses. One sees the young mortal mother moving through these delights with veiled hair and hidden eyes, worshipping through her own baby the little Baby of Bethlehem. There is no *naïveté* here, no forced note of innocence, for there is perfect innocence. The great things of this world are often debased by the low-minded and the fool. In one of these exquisite things a poor woman meets a stranger on the road, who is the Angel Gabriel. He hails her as "Great Queen!" and she answers humbly that she is a poor woman. He tells her:

> "Do you not know
> That all who carry what you bear
> Like great queens go,
> So proudly moving to and fro?
> And from where
> I come they mark the burden well,
> And say, 'Look there!
> Mary to Bethlehem doth fare.'"

* "Agnus Dei." By Nancy Campbell. 6d. (Maunsel.)

In another poem the son of Cytherea and the Son of Mary meet.

"I lie among soft roses all the day
Or with my mother's milk-white doves I play,"

says the small Eros; and the little Jesus:

"Their thorns are sharp and heavy round my head,
White souls like birds come to me to be fed."

Again, Mary and Joseph talk on the road to Bethlehem. Mary says:

"Already is the angelic crowd
Awakening in the sky,
But still on nothing fine and proud
God's Son and mine shall lie.
And though he comes a-conquering,
Salvation to impart,
First he will be a little thing
That cries upon my heart."

It was Coventry Patmore who talked of:

". . . the simple female sort
Apt to see Him in husband and in son."

Through her own little son this youngest of the poets has seen Heaven and worshipped in the Stable.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Novel Notes.

NEVERTHELESS. By Isabel Smith. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This is an ably written novel with a very natural present-day heroine and a problem of more than passing interest. It depicts a woman torn between conventional promptings and natural inclinations, between the call of conscience and the call of love. Sara Gale, poor and past her first youth, encounters the great adventure of love. But her new-found joy receives a rude blow when she learns that her lover, Hiram Martel, is a married man with a young wife in a mad-house beyond all hope of recovery. The law allows no escape for the young husband. "Here am I, a comparatively young man, with my life before me as you may say, and yet unless I go without the law, I am doomed to perpetual celibacy. Is that right or natural?" Sara agrees that the law is unjust, and the inevitable temptation follows. At first she shrinks from putting herself "beyond the pale," and clings desperately to convention; then she decides to yield. The powerful scene in which she offers herself to Hiram at the moment when, unknown to her, he has just heard of his wife's death, is an effective piece of work. "Nevertheless" contains a number of interesting minor characters, ranging from a conventionally smug and conventionally religious matron at one pole to a platform champion of woman's rights at the other.

Photo by Gabell. **Mrs. Isabel Smith.**

GROWING PAINS. By Ivy Low. 6s. (Heinemann.)

While it is to be hoped that Gertrude is not a normal English girl, there can be little doubt that she is fairly representative of her type. The trouble with her was that when once she had left school there was nothing whatever for her to do. Hyper-sensitive and unpractical as she is, she does not get into serious difficulties. The book ends, in fact, about as happily as it could; but one cannot describe it as a cheerful novel, for Gertrude is unhealthy and unattractive (fascinating though she may have been in the flesh). Miss Low, who is blessed with a keen sense of humour and a power of maliciously amusing narrative which is decidedly fascinating, has, indeed, been almost too frank and too outspoken. Nobody can possibly like Gertrude, though most people will be grateful for this extraordinarily clever account of her girlhood. The only thing that bothers us is that we are uncertain whether or not to regard the book as a warning.

WILLIE IN THE ISLE OF MAN. By Arthur Fetterless. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Fetterless announces on the title page of his novel that the book is a summer tale, and if this be meant to convey that it is lightly and easily read we find ourselves in hearty agreement, but it possesses this excellent difference from most fiction written in an easy style, as it also supplies much food for thought. The scene runs on ordinary lines, merely consisting of the description of a young and inconsequent Scotchman, who spends a holiday in the Isle of Man and does all the things which one expects a member of the "purple-socked-brigade" to do: drinks a little; plays a little; and flirts a great deal. The gist of the story, of course, leads us through the great flirtation which ends his bachelor days, but it is all naturally told—no harrowing situations—no heroic or sentimental speeches—just commonplace episodes and the idle irresponsible chatter of youth. This makes up the charm of "Willie in the Isle of Man," in which is much that is exceptionally funny and many a laugh will the reader enjoy; yet behind all he will feel that Mr. Fetterless is recounting incidents from real life and not merely chronicling the imaginings of a clever brain. Smith, the funny man of the tale, is a delightful character and his final conversion to matrimony makes a delicious epilogue to a spirited and vivacious story.

TREMENDAX. An Optimistic Record. By Necrede Malo. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Here is an author who hates pathos and says so. "Blessed be the man who invented jokes," he exclaims with fervour, and sets himself to the task of writing a cheerful book. Into the pages of "Tremendax" he has filtered the sunny anecdotes, random jottings, impressions and observations of an adventurous life in all quarters of the globe. Spurning the fetish of "continuity of story," he chats leisurely on any topic which happens to spring to the surface, be it a London cheap-jack or a Barcelona

bullfight. Whatever the subject, he invariably has something to say, and say it he will. The book abounds in humorous anecdotes gleaned from the smoking-room, ashore and afloat, and from the author's own experience, and contains in addition a storehouse of informative gossip and downright opinions on debatable subjects. Thus, the reader may pass on from some provocative views on education and "the lower orders" to a detailed recipe for haggis (introduced à propos of a Court of Admiralty yarn) or to some remarks on the theory of aviation (suggested by the author's first glimpse of a flying fish from the deck of the brigantine on which he ran away to sea). A volume as companionable and versatile as "Tremendax" is just the thing for a man in search of a sociable evening.

DAPHNE IN PARIS. By the Author of "Daphne in the Fatherland." 6s. (Melrose.)

Work like this calls for the immortal remark of a certain nurse at St. Bartholomew's that "there is no sich person." For Daphne is simply the author's mouthpiece for venting a knowledge of Paris and its less noxious gaieties, together with all those lights and aspects and impressions which the gayest of capitals touches off in a susceptible and highly modern feminine mind. Daphne finds an excellent companion in Betty, a kindred spirit; and a still better destination on the tolerant and manly bosom of Hugh, the appropriate fate that awaits her after a flirtation with her French adorer, Achille, and her persecution by a duke. It is all very volatile and good-humoured and conversational, but all rather obvious as well; and we hardly see how we are to face another volume of Daphne in Egypt unless Daphne is married, and Daphne in a matrimonial aspect will seem amazingly like someone else. But as "there is no sich person" in any case, perhaps this hardly matters.

THE TEMPTATION OF TAVERNAKE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Unlike most of the many alluring characters in Mr. Oppenheim's masterly new novel, there is no mystery about Leonard Tavernake. A clerk in an estate agent's office, he is a stolid, matter-of-fact young man whose one ambition is to make more and more money, not so much for the love of money itself, but for the power that goes with it. Consequently, when he takes upon himself the blame of a boarding-house theft in order to shield a shabbily dressed American girl, and further goes out of his way to rescue the same girl from a suicide's grave and to provide a home for her, it is only natural that Tavernake, who does not count benevolence among his good qualities, should be somewhat at a loss to explain his actions. "Your sex," he insists, "has nothing to do with it. As to your appearance, I have not even considered it. I could not tell you whether you are beautiful or ugly. . . . What I have done, I have done because it pleased me to do it." Whatever his motive may have been, Tavernake soon realises that he has placed himself on the threshold of a great mystery connected with his protégée's unscrupulous and amazingly beautiful sister, whose wealthy libertine of a husband has suddenly disappeared. The story is adroitly constructed, and the situations develop with hypnotic rapidity. The reader will find Mr. Oppenheim at his very best in "The Temptation of Tavernake."

THE ARNOLD LIP. By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. (Murray.)

Mr. C. E. Lawrence calls it a sort of a comedy: it strikes one as a philosophical farce with a good deal of sound sense behind the bustling amusement. In the drawing of the characters especially there is just that touch of exaggeration which makes for fun: it is a jolly book suggestive of thought. The Arnolds are a suburban pillar of the state, and the father, a man of pompous ability, has a peculiar sort of lip which his children inherit. They are prouder of this family trait than are probably the Hapsburgs of a similar characteristic feature. It makes them look interesting and distinctive, and above all it is the symbol of their worldly success. The fact is the Arnolds are a type of the

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. C. E. Lawrence.**

successful family of the upper middle class. They have, as the Americans say, the art of getting there on both feet. Unhappily the eldest boy, Hugh, lacks the Arnold lip and the spiritual qualities of which it is the outward sign. He does not care for the comforts of life with which he is wrapped up; he wants elbow room and a taste of hardship by way of a change. In particular the atmosphere of ready-made success, in which he and his sister and brother are brought up, stifles him. He is the bad boy of the family, and comes to the worst of ends. An appearance in the Divorce Court or in the dock at the Old Bailey might perhaps have gradually been overlooked. But Hugh does the one unforgivable thing: he mixes with Radicals and Socialists, and begins to practise social reform by adopting an unfortunate hussy's neglected baby. All this is told in a very lively and humorous way. The scenes at the family gatherings at which Hugh's mad, scandalous conduct is discussed are joyfully satirical. Some of the figures are, it is true, caricatures; but there is a lifelikeness still about them that makes the story an actual as well as an amusing thing. It is a serious study of life done in a light, witty manner. Hugh revolts from the standard of the Arnolds just in time to save himself from moral disaster. His father and mother are killing him with kindness. In their desire to smooth and embellish his path, they are sheltering him from all that makes a young man's life interesting and real. When Hugh is disinherited by his angry father and left to fend for himself, he shows that the absence of the Arnold lip in his case does not signify that he cannot make his way in the world. At the close of the story, he is indeed able to come to the help of his family. The fact is that his parents—like many successful persons of the upper middle classes—cannot see that their wealth and position oblige them to alter the training of their children, instead of trying to extend to them through manhood the loving care lavished on them in childhood, for this merely deadens their sense of responsibility and hinders the development of their powers.

A NECESSITY OF LIFE; And Other Stories. By Betty van der Goes. 6s. (Macmillan.)

One of these twelve stories describes the superstitious terror which came over a French Revolutionist who found himself alone one night in a desecrated church. But this does not show the authoress at her best. It is in the eleven other stories, describing phases of love between men and women before or after marriage, that her undoubted skill is seen. She has a crisp, near touch, rather a knack of dialogue, and some insight into feminine character. The stories with a dry note of humour are perhaps the happiest in the volume, particularly "Clever Theodora," which is a decidedly clever sketch of a man and two girls on a Sunday afternoon. The authoress has caught the French trick of ending a story with a sort of flick, and this suits her treatment of these light situations. But in a story like "A Man of Business" she proves that she can probe more deeply into character. There are also one or two tales of pathos, delicately managed, like "The Past is Past." Irony is one of the assets of the writer of short stories; it is safer than pathos, which is apt to run over even in careful hands. This again the authoress has used to some purpose, and, as in the story which gives the title to the volume, irony and humour hold pathos in a strong solution. Altogether, this is a book with variety enough to interest most readers, even those who have a stubborn objection to short stories. Miss van der Goes knows her craft evidently, and there is a literary quality about her stories which lifts them above the ordinary magazine tale. At least five of these twelve stories are enough to float the others.

LADY OF THE NIGHT. By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

An amusing couple of hours can be spent in the reading of this fantastic trifle. Vivian Darsay, a young man of great physical beauty and financial prospects, has been hit on the temple by a cricket ball, and the blow has caused temporary aphasia coupled with the inability to express himself in writing and to understand written, printed and spoken language. The situation is peculiarly distressing, because his mother and Lady Ffawkes have virtually arranged an engagement between him and Evelina Ffawkes, and the wretched youth is struggling to explain that he has no love for Evelina. The requisite emotion which restores his lost faculties is provided by the arrival in England of Ysmyn Veltry, whom he had met some years previously in France. Ysmyn is the daughter of a famous French *parfumeur*, who is induced to open the *Maison Merveille* in Bond Street, and complications arise because Evelina, who has been taken by her mother to undergo a thorough course at that Palace of Vanity, has her hair burnt off just at the moment when Vivian is able to announce to her that he does not love her. However, he has enough strength of character to marry the woman he wants, and so the tale ends happily enough. The most amusing passages in the book are those which describe the *Maison Merveille*. The pseudo scientific jargon with which the principal assistants in that establishment bewilder their clients is, we dare say, not greatly exaggerated, but it appears very unlikely that such charlatans would ever be allowed actually to practise their inexpert hands upon patients and to cause such damage as was done to the unfortunate Evelina. Mr. Swift has, in fact, been too lavish with his imagination. The course of the story is not materially affected by the burglarious part of the assistants aforesaid, and their attempts at smart and epigrammatic conversation are frankly exasperating.

SANNA OF THE ISLAND TOWN. By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Melrose.)

"It's plain sailin' for her just as long as she ain't in love—but you mark my words, 'Livie Landers, there'll be rocks an' rips an' shoals a-plenty to steer clear of if ever she *does* fall in." Aunt Ploomie's forecast proves correct. The love story of Susanna Oceana Landers, one of the most captivating and cleverly-drawn of Miss Waller's delightful heroines, is strewn with "rocks an' rips an' shoals." Sea-born, she lives on the sea-girt Island of Dukes and with her mother, grandmother, and great-aunt Ploomie occupies a small grey shingled cottage in a lane running down to the shore. Sanna, as her friends on the Island call her, is puzzled by the attention of no less than three aspirants for her hand. One of them is of lowly birth, a playmate of her childhood, and now the sturdy young keeper of the Great Cocheeset Light; another is high born, belonging to the oldest family on the Island; the third, Peter Franham, comes a stranger to the Island, and the mystery veiling his parentage provides the pivot of the story. "Sanna of the Island Town" is emphatically a fine novel; it contains, as do all Miss Waller's books, a host of lovable characters, each with a hidden patch of sentiment which peeps out sooner or later in the course of the story, and the workmanship throughout is distinctive and thorough. In a word, this novel is a worthy and brilliant companion to the author's "Flamsted Quarries," and "The Wood-carver of 'Lympus."

The Bookman's Table.

A LITTLE BOOK OF COURAGE. Compiled by Annie Matheson. 2s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

Miss Matheson has compiled with great skill and nicest judgment a little book that should be sure of a wide welcome. She has aimed at supplying a kind of breviary or armoury of high and heartening thoughts for the lonely, the troubled, the sad, for any who in some hour of disappointment, depression or self-distrust may feel the need of strong and uplifting words of counsel and cheer; and she has fulfilled her aim most admirably. She has selected her poems and poetical and prose passages from a very wide variety of authors, ancient and modern. Her book, as she says, "is not meant to be read on end, nor to include only what is most perfect and unquestioned as literature. On the contrary, it contains names at which 'the superior person' will lift an eyebrow, and more than hint, perhaps, that their mere proximity is desecration to the classics of all ages with whom here they mingle." Well, even if we were half-tempted to raise an eyebrow at one, or possibly two, of her latter-day authors, we should thank her heartily for including so fine a poem as "The Jewish Soldier," by Alice Lucas, and we see without the smallest qualm that an extract from Epictetus immediately follows it, for of the two items we would sooner have written the poem. Miss Matheson has rightly drawn sparingly on the Bible and other familiar sources, and so has made room for inspiring and beautiful things from lesser-known writings. Vaughan, Traherne, Pater, Landor, Quarles, Robert Bridges, Whitman, William Watson, Tennyson, Browning, Bunyan, Keats, Shelley, Arnold, Carlyle—these and many another she has laid under contribution, to say nothing of certain thoughtful verses, initialled "A.M.," that are charming enough to grace any anthology. The book is tastefully produced, and the contents are conveniently and lucidly classified in an index at the end.

LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. Edited by T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse. 5s. net each volume. (Heinemann.)

The five new volumes in the Loeb Library are the third and fourth instalments of "Euripides," the second of "Appian," the first of "Lucian," and the whole of "Catullus" and "Tibullus" printed with the "Pervigilium Veneris." Dr. Way's translations of "Euripides" are already well known. For this series they have been revised, for "closer fidelity to the original and a greater lucidity in expression." Dr. Way is not a poet, nor has he almost made himself one, like Professor Murray, by translating Euripides. A prose rendering like Mr. Ernest Myers' from Pindar, or Professor Kuno Meyer's from the ancient Irish poets, would perhaps have been more difficult, but certainly more pleasant to those who like poetry but not verse. Dr. Way's translation is very careful, and few could have kept

so near to the original words in an equal number of lines: but lovers of poetry cannot enjoy it, while the rest can only be confirmed in their condition by tolerance of what is so far astray. Mr. Cornish's "Catullus" was first published in 1904. The text has been revised, and Dr. Rouse has paraphrased a number of poems, which apparently Mr. Cornish preferred to leave alone. There are still some passages omitted in text and translation. The English is very good, poetical neither in vocabulary nor in rhythm, yet clearly indicating poetry. The same may be said of Professor Postgate's "Tibullus," which, however, is now for the first time published. Dr. Mackail's "Pervigilium Veneris" is also new and in prose. It is not equal to the others. The refrain, for example, is rendered by "To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love." It is not literal, yet is at best as far from poetry as a crib. Elsewhere terms like "wedlock-band," "make accord," "flowerage," and "bridegroom-shower," point to a poetic intention which is unfulfilled. Mr. Hermon's "Lucian" is on the whole easy, idiomatic, possible to read continuously with pleasure to anyone who does not object to a phrase like: "Alcidamas stayed *right there*." The version is new; nor can we forget that Messrs. Fowler's version for the Clarendon Press is only a few years old and can stand a rival. Dr. White's "Appian" is new, and also thoroughly readable. Here and there perfection might be served by reconsidering such a phrase as "At this juncture," where the Greek uses three letters instead of three words, but the Illyrian, Syrian and Mithridatic wars are matters that will perhaps drown such considerations. Each volume is about five hundred pages in length, and, as usual, the text and translation are on opposite pages.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. By Ellen Key. 6s. (Putnam.)

Whatever views we may have on the Woman Movement, there is no denying that it is one of the most significant and most momentous developments of our times. It is not a new movement, but it has entered on a new phase, and it is mainly with that new phase of it that Ellen Key deals thoughtfully and with remarkable ability in this important volume. She is unable to see, as Mr. Havelock Ellis puts it in his Introduction, "why a woman's hands need be more soiled by a ballot paper than by a cooking recipe. But she is far indeed from the well-intentioned but ignorant fanatics who fancy that a vote is the alpha and omega of Feminism; and still less is she in sympathy with those who consider that its importance is so supreme as to justify violence and robbery, a sort of sex war on mankind generally and the casting in the mud of all those things which it has been the gradual task of civilization to achieve, not for men only, but for women." The power of the book lies not in any charm of literary style, but in the breadth and reasonableness of its outlook, in its sound, logical commonsense argument. Ellen Key sees that what women need is increased opportunities of self-development; that "domesticity leaves many wishes unfulfilled," and that woman must have a life outside the home as well as within it; that one way or another she is bound to realise her righteous claim to share actively in shaping the destinies of the nation whose children she has borne. The claims of Feminism are fully and clearly set forth in Ellen Key's pages; those that are extravagant she dismisses forcibly, but those that are just and righteous she justifies vigorously and convincingly. This is the fairest, most judicial statement of the case for Women that we have yet read, and we strongly recommend the book alike to supporters of the movement and to its opponents.

SIR KENELM DIGBY AND GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL. By H. M. Digby. 7s. 6d. net. (Digby, Long.)

From the great interest Mr. H. M. Digby takes in tracing the descent of the two brilliant men of the seventeenth century whose lives he relates, it seems as though he too belongs to the famous Digby family. But, in spite of the fame they won, neither Sir Kenelm nor Lord Digby are

Sir Kenelm Digby.

From "Sir Kenelm Digby and George Digby, Earl of Bristol" (Digby, Long).

ancestors that a man can be very proud of. They were cousins, tall, handsome, and admirable swordsmen, but neither was remarkable for moral courage. Sir Kenelm is the better known, for he handled a pen with the same *bravura* as he used a rapier, and he has celebrated his own virtues in his books. There were some of the merits of the Elizabethan gentlemen adventurers about him; but he was born somewhat late for the rôle, and he acted it rather than lived it. He certainly did not play the part of the perfect knight when, after the execution of King Charles, he submitted to Cromwell because he was weary of starving in exile in France. His kinsman, Lord Digby, a turncoat from the Parliamentary party, and the most mischievous of King Charles's advisers, managed to get a good living while exiled on the Continent. He was not a thrifty man, even in misfortune: a fierce, extravagant gambler and a man of vehement gallantry, he was constantly in need of large sums of money. And the amazing thing is that he usually got the money he wanted. Sometimes it was the French, sometimes it was the Spaniards upon whose treasury he made a subtle and sudden assault. He could capture a town for them, or conduct some political intrigue on their behalf. Selfishness was ever his sole motive in life, and he was one of those men who thirst for power without being able to use it in a masterly way. So his personal successes were disasters for his king and country. Mr. Digby describes him in a fresh and vivid way, neither hiding his faults nor exaggerating his merits. Both the great Digbys stand out as highly picturesque figures in an age that was not wanting in picturesqueness. They had that grand thing—personality.

LACORDAIRE. By Count d'Haussonville. Translated by A. W. Evans. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

In adding another to our monographs on the greatest of modern preachers, the Count d'Haussonville writes in the filial spirit of a co-religionist and a colleague (across half a century) in the French Academy. The book is the product of that spirit of renovation inside the Roman community which is always wrestling with authority, and at a time when Newman is being so freely discussed over here

it was inevitable that the liberal spirits in the orthodox French laity should give the same honour to Lacordaire which they have lately been giving to Montalembert and Chateaubriand. Lacordaire suffered the same ingratitude and repression from his official superiors which baffled Newman and his reforms, and though he had not a great and dramatic conversion to make him a romantic figure, he renounced with an equal picturesqueness his last worldly ambition when he took the cowl of a Dominican friar. This act was well in keeping with a man who constituted himself the antagonist of Erastianism, and though Lacordaire would have welcomed the repeal of the concordat, had he been living to-day, what thunders of eloquence we should have had from him over the recent dissolution of the religious associations!

The Count presents to us not merely a modern Athanasius, but a very human figure, with a true gift for friendship. We already have nine volumes of Lacordaire's correspondence with Mme. Swetchine and the Comtesse du Pin, and now the Count promises us shortly another windfall of epistolary piety and exhortation in the shape of the letters he wrote to Mme. de B. All we can say is that we shall welcome them. No Christian can be proof against the appeal of the man who could write like this to cheer and admonish a decrepit old woman:

"It is remarkable in the lives of the saints, that almost all have felt that melancholy of which the ancients said that there was no genius without it. In truth, melancholy is inseparable from every far-reaching mind and from every heart that has depths. This is not to say that we ought to take pleasure in melancholy, for it is a malady that enervates us when we do not throw it off, and it has only two remedies—Death or God."

On the whole, Mr. Evans has given us the ease and temper of the original in a smooth and excellent translation, but we suspect words like "confession" for "confessional" on p. 41, "in its own designs" (p. 22) as meaning "for its own purposes," "frock" for "habit," and so on. In the imitation of St. Paul, on p. 88, it would have been well to use the accepted English "So am I . . . So am I . . . I am more," rather than a translation of the weak French version. One other point. The passage on contempt, which on p. 114 is attributed to the Psalmist, occurs of course in Proverbs xviii. 3; and though the slip may be due to the original French, and we have no copy by us at the moment, the translator might have put us on our guard. These are but suggestions for another edition; and other editions there are sure to be, for the work is an excellent performance, scholarly, discreet, and absorbing.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HEATH, CRANTON & OUSELEY.

If a man settles down to tell his reminiscences, he can generally, if he has travelled and kept his eyes open, prove himself interesting to those who have done the same. Mr. Percy L. Naish has travelled, has hunted, has golfed, has motored; and in his book, **The Rollings of a Mossless Stone** (5s. net), he meanders on amiably from his doings at the age of sixteen to his latest motor tour in France; after which he quotes Whyte Melville: "I have lived my life, I am nearly done." The book is a pleasant gossip of life in several countries, with a welcome interlarding of anecdote.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

This year sees the first issue of an exceptionally interesting book, **The Suffrage Annual and Woman's Who's Who** (6s. net), which will fill a long-felt want. It contains a deal of useful information concerning the numerous Suffrage Societies in Great Britain and Ireland; International Woman Suffrage Alliance; Men's International Alliance for Woman Suffrage; Where Women are Enfranchised; Dictionary of Dates, etc., etc., besides about a thousand biographies. The foreword states: "Many biographies—through difficulties experienced in getting into communication with their authors—having arrived too late for inclusion, a second edition may, therefore, be issued at an early date. For it, and for the 1914 enlarged production, we shall be pleased to receive communications as soon as convenient to contributors." The book is a significant sign of the times, and will prove invaluable to all Suffragists—to all Anti-Suffragists as well.

MR. W. J. HAM-SMITH.

Heroes, pirates, paladins and lovely women are among the chief of the *dramatis personæ* in Captain Gambier's intensely dramatic story, **Gurth** (6s.). In fact, the dramatic element seems to us more apparent than the probability, for the author, like his own hero, displays a true nautical dexterity in the tyir ' and untying of knots. The schooners with the requisite cha acters aboard keep arriving at the South Pacific Island of Vatu neither a moment before nor a moment after they are required by the necessities of the plot. In the end the valiant Gurth escapes, with his beautiful companion of the deserted island, while the iniquitous pirate, Black Dog Baker, is last seen "pirouetting and whirling through the air high above the rolling masses of smoke."

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

There are certain novelists who can always be depended on for a good, readable, interesting story, and one of this pleasant company is "Alien" (Mrs. L. "Alien" Baker). Her new novel, **A Maid of Mettle** (6s.), has those same qualities of readability and interest, and may be warmly recommended to her many admirers—it is a pleasant love tale, the heroine of which, Dija Danvers, is at the outset a piquant, strong-willed little maid of thirteen, bent on keeping the gentle, widowed mother from marrying again, and at the close you find her a few years older, mellowed by various experiences, on the verge of marriage herself, having come to that happy ending through much of suspense and uncertainty and exciting adventure. A book that girl readers in particular will greatly enjoy.

MESSRS. HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM.

It is not the fault of our didactic novelists that there is still an Eurasian question. The subject is forcibly, if not very freshly, presented in the history of **The Man Macdonald** by Kate Helen Weston (6s.). The main story is really that of John McGarvie, who from quixotry and pressure of circumstances is induced to marry a beautiful Eurasian Flora Macdonald, daughter of the man who had wrecked his own promising career in similar fashion. The moral, therefore, is twice enforced; but the author has not entirely had the courage of her opinions, inasmuch as she allows death in both cases to save the happiness of her heroes.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

In a series of chapters, each complete in itself, Mr. Justus Miles Forman tells the sensational history of **The Harvest Moon** (6s.). "The Harvest Moon" was "a great pink pearl, pear shaped, and it seemed to glow as if there were fires inside it. Its mother might have been a pearl and its father an opal." "It was like something alive, something with evil fires within; it seemed to breathe as it lay, to stir—palpitate gently upon its bed." No one will be surprised to know that there was a peck of trouble brought about by that pearl. "The Harvest Moon" was by no means the only thing that palpitated. Everyone palpitated who looked upon it, and a considerable percentage died violent, very violent, deaths. Mr. Forman has skilfully contrived that each of his eight chapters shall hold its own definite interest; and his final chapter, where Miss Lindon, who had cruelly sent a love-sick boy in quest of the jewel, is tortured by remorse and plays the dignified part of a modern Cleopatra, is intensely dramatic. The happy ending is a boon.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

An excellent story in the Baroness Orczy vein—with a dash of Seton Merriman—is **Skipper Anne** (6s.) by Marian Bower. The plot concerns itself principally with a projected invasion of England by Napoleon, but there is also a strong love interest. Miss Bower writes with much spirit, and by an unconventional ending proves also that there is a strong dash of originality in her literary make-up. It is a dramatic and exciting tale really well treated.

MR. HENRY FROWDE.

Thorough knowledge, combined with an interesting and unpedantic style, marks the new book on bells which Mr. H. B. Walters, M.A., F.S.A., has produced, **Church Bells of England** (7s. 6d. net). The author knows his subject from top to bottom, from early to late; and he writes here of the history of bells, the casting of them, the ringing of them, the decoration of them, and many another point connected with them. This is a volume full of varied fascinations, not the least of these being the numerous illustrations, which appear in every chapter. This is certainly the Bell's Biography; a book for serious reference or pleasant recreation.

Edmund Gosse

FROM A DRAWING BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

Dux Eng. Co. Ltd.

Printed at the Edinburgh Press, London, E.C.